An Idyl of the War
and The German Exiles

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AN IDYL OF THE WAR

THE GERMAN EXILES

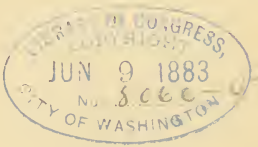
AND

OTHER POEMS

BY

ELLWOOD L. KEMP, A.B.

PROFESSOR OF ANCIENT LANGUAGES IN KEYSTONE STATE NORMAL SCHOOL



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By E. L. KEMP
1883

Wie könnt' ich dein vergessen!
Ich weiss, was du mir bist,
Wenn auch die Welt ihr Liebstes
Und Bestes bald vergisst.
Ich sing es hell und ruf' es laut:
Mein Vaterland ist meine Braut!
Wie könnt' ich dein vergessen!
Ich weiss, was du mir bist.

* * *, * *

Wie könnt' ich dein vergessen!
Ich weiss, was du mir bist,
So lang' ein Hauch von Liebe
Und Leben in mir ist.
Ich suche nichts als dich allein,
Als deiner Liebe werth zu sein.
Wie könnt' ich dein vergessen!
Ich weiss, was du mir bist.

HOFFMAN VON FALLERSLEBEN.

PREFACE.

THE author of this little volume brings two offerings, with equal love: one to the altar of his country, the other to the altar of his people.

The late conflict between the North and the South was the most remarkable period in our national history. It was productive of results which all the years that have since elapsed have not enabled us to comprehend in all their depth and fullness. The Union was not only preserved, but regenerated; and this consummation, so devoutly to be wished for, was brought about by the sacrifice of the peace of quiet households and of the hopes of bright young lives, as well as by the wisdom and skill of those who guided our affairs during that trying time. It is not fitting that the patriotic sentiments which animated and sustained our people through those years of struggle and bloodshed should be forgotten, or that the tragedy of the war and the price of its immeasurable blessings should be lost sight of. One factor of the great struggle is especially worthy of the best effort of historian and poet, and that is the indefatigable labors of our women in the cause of the Union. Their patriotism did much to keep up the spirit of the North and relieve the horrors of the war, and contributed not a little to the final success of the Union arms. "An Idyl of the War" is an effort to depict these elements of the conflict. It is an effort at once to represent certain phases of it, and to perpetuate those lofty sentiments of patriotic love on which rest the best hopes of our country's future. If the effort is unworthy of its theme, it has for its apology a love of country as ardent as ever was a lover's passion for his mistress.

"The German Exiles" is based upon the incidents which attended the expulsion of the Germans from the Rhenish Palatinate, and the subsequent settlement of a great number of them in Pennsylvania. From them a large majority of the Pennsylvania Germans are descended. The story of their migrations and settlement has been undeservedly neglected. Pennsylvania is not the land of Penn. The German settlers and their descendants have contributed more to the formation of what is good and honorable in the State character than all the other elements combined. From them have come some of her best governors and legislators, and many of her most distinguished citizens, not least among whom is that Governor Ritner, of whom the poet Whittier speaks so highly in one of the poems in his "Voices of Freedom."

Though the Quakers, who, according to our average historians, were so generous in their treatment of the Indians, acted very ungenerously towards the Germans; though these were wretched and poverty-stricken beyond degree when they came; yet now most of the broad and fertile acres, and many of the populous towns and cities, of the State, are almost entirely in the possession of their descendants. Even in the "City of Brotherly Love" a large number of the prominent business men and leading citizens are Pennsylvania Germans, or of Pennsylvania German origin; a far greater number, in fact, than most people imagine. The poem was suggested by the enthusiastic and instructive talks on the subject by Dr. Joseph H. Dubbs, of Franklin and Marshall College, in the course of his lectures in the class-room. The author, with many others, hopes that the day will come when he, as the one preeminently fitted by his minute and extensive knowledge, enthusiasm, and literary ability, will give to the world the full and true history of the Pennsylvania Germans. The shorter poems were written mostly in the course of college life, and that may account for many defects and peculiarities.

KUTZTOWN, PA. E. L. KEMP.

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An Idyl of the War.

Upon the porch before the parsonage
Sat Pastor Goodman. Round his locks of white
There played the setting sun's last shimmering rays,
And crowned his noble head with light. His face
Wore that benign and placid look those wear,
And those alone, who long have passed life's storms,
Its joys, and dark vicissitudes, seen much,
And much endured, yet made their own the good,
And left the rest to Him who yet the ill
Will conquer and subdue; who wait in hope
The joys beyond, which flesh's dissolving veil
Scarce hides. Long time had self and passion been

Subdued, and of the conflict scarce a trace
Was left. But lightly time had touched his frame,
Its bloom and freshness just began to fade, and yet
His silvered locks seemed like the crown of snow
That rests on topic peak, above the slopes,
All clad in green and blossom. With him sat
His daughter Mary, and a manly youth,
Named William, from the village nestling in
The hills beyond. They had been playmates since
The world began to first unfold to them
Delights and wonders. William had been left
An orphan early, and a fairy strain
Of mother's love, still faintly ringing through
His life, awoke and nourished in his heart
A longing sweet and tender, nameless pain
And sense of loss, that bound him all the more
To Mary. Mary loved the youth. Her heart
Went out to him with all the strength and trust
Of maidens' first, absorbing love. In him
She found her all. His presence filled her life
With ecstasy. Her thoughts were all of him.
A something higher than herself she felt
In him, that yet did not make her seem less,
But therefore prized the more. Her life was all

Absorbed in his, and his in hers, and they
Were happy in each other. On her face
That evening there was mingled joy with pride
And sadness sore. Each beaming look of joy
Was put to flight by one as sad, and there
Was feeling manifest on every face.
For many years, since death had summoned soft
The pastor's wife to grace the courts of Love,
And filled his soul with grieving, hallowed by
Increasing faith and love for Him who gives
And Him who takes the life of man, he lived
Retired from the busy world, in peace
And patient hope, and left the cares of State
To younger men, in sympathy with things
Of time, and better able, too, to bear
The weight of their responsibility.
But these were troublous times, and deep within
His soul was stirred with keen solicitude.
Portentously for many days was heard
The sullen murmur of a coming storm,
And darkly o'er the South-land heavy clouds
Were hanging, and the great heart of the North
Nigh stopped its beating, in suspense and dread
Anticipation. Then there came the boom

Of cannon, and the news of Sumter's fall
Was flashed throughout the country. Then was all
The pent-up energy, which grew through all
That long suspense, and all the nation's love
Made manifest. At once the North was roused
To mighty action, and the trustful call
Of our now martyred President found prompt
Our young and gallant men to gird their arms
For dreadful conflict in the land's defense.
That day it was that William came to talk
With Mary, following the second call,
Which made the North-land conscious of its great
Responsibility 'fore God and man,
And of the fateful strife that was at hand.
Not unexpected, then, was William's visit.
He was still young. Scarce had he passed the bourn
That separates the youth from manhood's rights,
And had not yet fulfilled the bond of his
Apprenticeship. E'er since the first appeal
For patriot hearts and hands, her woman's wit
And heart, made sympathetic by the touch
Of love, had marked the struggle going on
Within the young man's breast between his sense
Of duty to his master and his love

Of right and love of father-land. She knew
Full well which must at last prevail. She long
Looked forward to the declaration, which
She knew must come, with mingled dread and pride.
Hers was a noble nature. Now were all
Its lofty, patriotic impulses
Aroused to glowing life. She almost longed
That she could also take up arms and march
With warriors brave to battle, that the land
Might live. That afternoon, when William came,
She met him at the gate, and heartfelt was [the lane.
Her greeting. Straight they strolled down through
The maid clung closely to his arm, and scarce
Could she conceal her deep emotion. Not
A word they spoke, but silently they passed
The oak and rustic seat beneath its shade,
Their long-accustomed trysting-place. Here, when
They met in childhood, they were wont to pass
The time in play, and afterwards in far
More serious occupations of the years
Maturer. Here together had they read
Their favorite books, together sought the paths
Of lore or feasted on the poet's truths
And beauties, and together had their souls

Awakened and refreshed. And here he had
Unveiled his plans of life, designed for good
And usefulness, and all his heart's intense
And noble aspirations. But no words
Of love had ever passed the lover's lips.
Almost unconsciously they cherished it,
As if it were a thing too hallowed far
To clothe in words that may associate
With meaner things. Until this time the thought
Of separation had not shadowed them
And forced confessions from them. But it now
Awoke emotions and anxieties
Security had never let them know.
They turned them to the grove, and threaded slow
The well-known pathway to the spring. The first
Fair flowers of spring-time smiled about their feet,
And early warblers piped their sweetest notes;
But these they heeded not, and side by side,
On moss-grown rocks before the fount, they sat
Them down. He gently took her hand in his,
And as they gazed into the crystal waters
And saw themselves reflected there, they bowed
Their heads awhile, then turned away and sighed.
Then William turned to Mary, clasping still

Her hand, and said: "Mary, mother died
Long since, but I remember how, the year
She died, she often sat alone and wept,
And when I went and round her neck my arms
I threw and kissed away her tears, she smiled,
And told me of the letters father sent,
And of the deeds he and the rest performed
Way off in Mexico. She told me how
They fought beneath the stars and stripes, and how
Our noble youth were slain beneath its folds,
Far, far away from home and kin and friends.
And I remember how her cheeks would glow
Whene'er she talked to me of father's death.
He was a captain, and had oft been praised
For prudence and for courage. When at last
The army stormed Chapultepec, his men
Were chosen as the color-guard, and led
The grand assault. The color-bearers fell
In quick succession, and the charging troops
Were almost quailing from the rapid fire,
When father took the fallen standard up,
And, with a shout of victory, led on
The charge. And when the soldiers gave a cheer
Of triumph, he was killed. My mother loved

The soldier, and was proud to be the wife
And e'en the widow of a soldier. When
She told such things, my youthful heart swelled up
Within me, and I longed to emulate
My father's valor. Of her father, then,
She told me, and his father, in the days,
The glorious days, when rose our liberty;
And of her ancestry beyond the seas,
And how they dared the wintry waves in search
Of freedom, leaving wealth and friends and home
To find man's highest gifts, and these among
The western wilds; and how the mother-land,
Instead of fostering and loving them,
Imposed oppressive bonds, that harshly galled
Their lofty, free-born spirits; and how they rose
To fight for human right and liberty.
And then she told me how her father, how
Her father's father, took up arms and won
Distinction in the cause of freedom; how
The sturdy yeomen gathered on the green
At Lexington; of Bunker Hill, and those
Eventful victories at Saratoga;
Of Brandywine and Valley Forge, and all
Th' immortalizing sufferings endured

Heroically there. And she would not
Forget our sainted Washington. Though I
Was young, I worshiped him, and ranked him far
Above the kings of earth. 'Twas long ago,
But I remember how my eyes flashed fire,
And how I clinched my little fists until
The warm blood started when she told the tales
Of wrong, and how my spirit glowed to hear
The story of the sires of Seventy-six.
At mother's knee I learned to love our flag,
The emblem of the richest legacy
Our fathers left us. The very heavens, methought,
Had yielded up their deepest blue and all
Their brightest stars to give it origin
Above all other flags of earth. The bars
Upon its folds of purest white, it seemed,
Were streams of martyrs' blood to make it holy.
But, Mary, when our President appealed
For loyal men to keep inviolate
The priceless heritage bequeathed to us,
And duty seemed to hold me here, I bowed
My head and blushed for shame whene'er
I passed beneath its folds. Its stars were dimmed,
And sternly they rebuked me, recreant

They called me, and the white and crimson stripes
Were torn and stained, and mutely they
Entreated me to purge and make them whole.
And fierce, then, was the struggle in my heart.
I thought of friends that I must leave, and all
My old associations, ne'er, perhaps,
To see them more, and it seemed hard to go.
But now the struggle's o'er. I enrolled
Myself to-day, to-morrow I must leave."
And Mary sobbed, and tear-drops trickled down
Her cheeks; but William, clasping close her hand,
Continued: "Mary, almost since our life
Began we've lived and played together. We
Were never happy one without the other.
When riper years unveiled more serious thoughts
And lover's fancies, scarce did we confess
Them to ourselves, and never once by word
Did we reveal them; for there came no thought
Of parting, and we felt secure. But now
Have circumstances given to our lives
A fuller, sterner meaning. I must go.
Unnumbered are the dangers of the soldier.
Uncertainty attends him. Lonely are
His vigils, and his camp-life tedious. We

Know not the length of this disastrous war.
Months will not see it end, and years may pass
Away before the anxious world receives
The verdict of this dread arbitrament
Of arms. The gallant youths it summons forth
From firesides, will, if e'er they do, return
Accustomed to the stirring scenes of war,
And strangers to the ways of peace. Their old
Employments will be gone, and change will meet
Them everywhere; familiar friends will be
No more, and restless, then, will be their lives.
Life must begin anew, and fortunate
Are they for whom a certain hope and aim
Have been preserved, and sure abiding-place.
And, therefore, Mary, I request of you
A promise that will e'er inspire my life
Through loneliness and dangers and the toils
And turmoils of my army life, and bind
Me closely to this lovely spot where we
Have been so happy. Promise, Mary, that
If God preserves me till the country will
No longer need my service, you will be
My wife." And Mary's pale face crimsoned. Tears
Of joy were added to her tears of pain,

Already coursing down her cheeks. She hid
Her face in William's bosom, warmly clasped
In his embrace; and when she raised to him
Her tear-stained face, he kissed her, and their love
Was sealed forever. Long she sobbed; then, 'mid
Her tears, she spoke to him: "O, William, strange
Emotions master me, and pain. I knew
That this must come. I nerved myself to meet
It, but I could not think it would be this."
She paused; but then her eyes grew bright, her voice
Grew stronger. "I have woman's weakness, too.
But go; 'tis very hard, but, William, yet
I would not bid you stay. The land has need
Of such as you, and almost I regret
That sex compels me stay at home; but what
A woman can, that will I do, and it
Is much in such eventful times as these.
I know that God will bless our cause, for it
Is right, and naught but noble action will
Be yours. Go, and if God preserves you till
The end, I will be yours, and we will then
Be happy. I will pray for you and all
Our loyal men and for our cause, and God
Will surely bless us." Closely William pressed

Her to his heart and kissed her. Then they rose,
And long they stood in close embrace, and not
A word was spoken till the lengthening shades
Of even bade them to return; and soft
He called her to herself, and silently
They wended back their way along the path.
The goodman met them at the cottage door
And kindly greeted them.

The young man shared the evening meal with them,
And when the household tasks were o'er, and all
Were seated on the porch before the house,
He told the pastor of his brave resolve
And Mary's promise, and he asked for his
Consent and blessing. "It is always thus,"
The old man sighed; "there's nothing certain here.
I had far other plans for you and me.
I watched your course with pride, and called you son,
And so I e'er regarded you; and I
Was pleased to see that you and Mary loved
Each other. Then I thought that you should be
My near successor, for you ever loved
Humanity, and have been studious. I
Was happy when I thought that I could die

And leave my darling and my all to you.
I fondly hoped and dreamed that we could live
Awhile in peace together, but the Lord
Has willed it otherwise to carry out
His vast designs, and we will bow in meek
Submission to his will. I know that you
Have thought well over this. I would not bid
You stay. So go, my son, and if you e'er
Return to us, then Mary shall be yours."
The young man thanked him, and the maiden. "Age,"
The pastor said, " has laid his hand on me.
Far eastward now the long shades fall, and soon
I'll rest. My limbs no longer could support
The weight of arms, the weary march they could
No more endure, nor this weak frame the toils
And dangers and exposures of the camp
And field of battle, else should I, too, throw off
The gown and take the sword; for these are times
When neither rank nor station should be questioned,
Alone the nation's safety." Kindly, then,
The young man said: "The country, father, now
Will not require that age shall leave the peace
Of home, as once she did. Enough young men
Are ready now to guard her honor well.

And, father, those who stay at home may do
More good for her than those who take up arms."
"'Tis true," the good old man replied, "my tongue
And pen shall speak her cause, and every day
Shall Heaven record my prayers. They will avail.
We, like the Psalmist, e'er had cause, and will
Have cause, to say in faith: 'The Lord our rock
And fortress is, and great deliverer.
In our distress we called upon the Lord,
And to our God we cried, and he did hear
Our voice from out his temple. He has brought
Us forth into a large place. He delivered us,
Because he was delighted in us;' so
It has been, so it will be while we yet
Remain his people." Thus he spoke. Then joined
Them farmer Greene, who lived beyond the hill,
And with him came his nearest neighbor, both
To hear the news. The youth made known to them
The second call for troops, and how the band
Was forming in the village. And the good
And loyal-hearted farmer gave his thoughts
Expression. He approved of William's course.
"These times," he said, "to me look somewhat like
The days of eighteen-twelve. At that time I

Was but a lad. As soon as news of war
Came round, the sturdy hunters and the sons
Of farmers promptly joined the army, though,
I've since been told, some parts were hard against
The war. I'm glad that still our young men show
The spirit of those days, and of the men
Who founded our Republic. It is God's
Own land, I tell you, neighbor, and I would
Not like to see it go to pieces yet.
I see our love of country has not died,
And God will soon restore to us a land
United. Peace is near." But then the kind
And learned pastor spoke: "I hope as you,
And gladly would I so believe. I fear
It cannot be. The Southern men are brave,
And think they're right. With them 'States' Rights'
Has been a faith deep-rooted in their hearts,
Since first our constitution took its form.
It lived a potent, though a latent force,
Till recent troubles called it into strong
And active energy. Then, many years
Of slavery have laid their moral curse
Upon them, and have dulled their judgment. They
Conceive the slave essential to their social life

And progress. They have wise and skillful heads,
And well will they defend what they think right,
Long, long will be the war, and bloody." Thus
The pastor spoke, and wisely. He had weighed
The subject calmly and with care. Then spoke
The neighbor, shallow were his sympathies,
His mind was narrow and his heart loved not
The nation. "Terrible is war," said he,
"And doubly so, when carried on at home
Among the people of one country. God
Can never bless it. Brave and daring are
The Southrons, and we cannot conquer them.
Our young men must be sacrificed and all
Our hard-earned treasure, and no good can come
Of it. This war is wrong, and forced on us
By several scheming politicians." Then
The pastor mildly answered: "Terrible,
Indeed, is war, and this more so, perhaps,
Than any other. It will cost the wealth
Of many years, and much good blood will drain
The very heart's core of the nation. But the end
Is very sure. The signal-gun is fired,
And from the East to farthest West, and from
The farthest border of the North, from hill

And plain, and every quiet vale, the drum
And fife now summon forth the men of war.
We have but seen events begin, but we
Can plainly see the spirit of the North.
There will be cravens found whose hearts are not
With us, but they can never stop the tide.
As fast as dangers thicken, will increase
Our ardor to o'ercome them. Not the young
Alone, but aged men will rally round
The standard, and the days of old will be
Repeated with a ten-fold energy."
"It may be so," the neighbor added then,
"But I do not believe it. Many men,
I know, are set against the war, and much
Of all this noise and bluster soon will die
Away." "My friend, you are mistaken," then
With warmth replied the pastor; "I am sure
Already we have seen great things begin.
The farmers leave their plows; mechanics throw
Their tools aside; the eager student leaves
His books; the judge his bench; the advocate
His client; busy merchants leave their trade;
And e'en the peaceful sanctuary gives
Its servants up to gird the carnal sword

For war. Such armies of intelligence
And spirit as our land will have to keep
Inviolate its unity the world
Has not yet seen, and God will surely crown
Their valor with success, for they uphold
A righteous cause. The war will purify
The land from all the curse of slavery,
And make us more united than before.
Humanity will be exalted, and
Our progress much enhanced." And sadly said
The farmer: "If it will be so, we all
Should wish for it; but great, indeed, will be
Our desolation, and our loss not soon
Repaired." Then were they silent for awhile.
They seemed to search the vista of the years
To come. Awhile they sat in silence, then
The pastor said, in tones subdued and full
Of deep emotion: "Yes, our losses will
Be great, and many homes be desolate.
Much of the best blood of the nation will
Be sacrificed. But not on us will fall
The sorest burden of affliction. Great
Became the sin of slavery, and great
Is our reproach before the outside world.

But now has come the time of retribution,
And terrible will be the penalty
Exacted. Mainly to the South-land is
The guilt attributed, for they alone
Have fostered servitude and tried to wide
Extend its borders. There will be confined
The ravages of war, for stronger is
The North, and armed with right. My heart weeps for
The South. Dark ruin soon will desolate
Her sunny fields, and death will fill
Her homes with lamentation. Still, some day,
The South will learn to bless the issue. Then
The fruits of perfect freedom, and of rights
Extended equally to all, will make
Her prosperous and nobler than before."
Thus spoke the good old man prophetic words
Imbued with kindness. Here the neighbor took
The word, and quickly added, "I do not
Agree with you. The South will not by us
Be humbled, and it is unholy war
That we begin. Their fathers made with ours
A contract. Now they wish to cancel it,
Because it binds them to a yoke. They came
Like men, requesting us to free them from

Their pledge, and we have now no right to take
Up arms and try to force them do what they
No longer please. 'Tis no concern of ours [right
That they keep slaves. They purchased them. The
To rob them of their property has not
Been given us." While thus he spoke, the young
Man's eyes flashed fire, his fists were tightly clenched,
And scarce could he contain his wrath. He left
The group, and strolled into the garden, where
The maiden followed him, her fair cheeks flushed
With shame and anger. But the pastor, good
And pious, reasoned patiently with his
Disloyal neighbor. "Friend," he said, "'tis no
Unholy war for us, and wrath must fall
On those alone at whose door lies the guilt.
Secession strikes a deeper thing by far
Than verbal contract. It attacks a life,—
A nation's life,—a unity begot
Of spirit; woe to him who dares to lay
His hand upon it violently. 'Tis
More precious far than individual life,
And e'en the body shrinks with dread from loss
Of but the smallest fraction of itself.
Our country is the fruitage of the hopes

And upward struggles of mankind through all
The ages of the past. For this, and more
Than this, have longed the wisest and the best
Of all the sons of earth. To separate
These States would be to render vain their hopes
And labors and heroic sacrifice,
And turn the progress of humanity.
"Oh, well," the neighbor said, "it would, I'm sure,
Have mattered little, even if a few
Had torn themselves away. Our land is large
Enough; we would not miss them very much."
"No," answered then the pastor; "now
A fragment, then a fragment; would it cease?
Oh, God forbid that ever it commence!
Unhappy country then! In fragments, each
Suspicious of its neighbors, like the lands
Abroad; forts and standing armies, then,
To sap the substance of the people. May
We never see it! No, my friend, the war
Could not have been averted. Conflict must
Be ours. Two forms of social life opposed
By nature, could not live in harmony
Beneath a form of government instinct
With liberty and human brotherhood.

Almighty God has so designed that men
And nations shall by constant conflict rise
To nobler selves. The land has not been true
To its profession: precious blood alone
Will expiate the wrong. The war is here.
To sue for peace were now a coward's part.
It has been thrust on us. Our property
Is seized, our flag is fired upon. The eyes
Of nations and of ages are on us,
And great is now our trust. Let us fulfill
The mission which our sires commenced, and prove
That we are worthy of them." So he spoke,
The wise old pastor, calmly spoke; but yet,
At times, the fire of youth seemed all to have
Returned to him again. The farmer's eyes
Glowed with a flashing light; but coldly said
The neighbor: "It may be as you say, but I
Do not believe it. War will do us naught
But harm, and make our young men dissolute,
And low the morals of the nation. None
Of mine shall take a part in it. Five sons
Have I, but they shall stay at home with me."
The pastor answered him, while up and down
The farmer strode, restraining ill his wrath:

"The evils which you fear would come, indeed,
Upon the nation, if her sons refused
The high demands of God and men now made
Upon us. Craven spirits only fall
A prey to evil. All the virtues claim
A common origin. Love of country knows
No higher. Round it cluster all things true
And manly, things that find no dwelling-place
Within the craven's soul. God's special care
And blessing keep the patriot. This war
Will rouse to full and active life each high
And noble impulse of our people. 'Twill
Call forth heroic deeds and sympathies."
And scarcely had he finished speaking, when
The farmer said with spirit: "Neighbor, we
Have long been friends, but I detest the words
You uttered, and the spirit that could form
Such words. You are unworthy of your birth
And country. Seven sons have I, and I
Love every one. The youngest stays with me,
The rest shall join the army. Two have gone
Already, and to-morrow go the rest.
'Tis hard to give them up, but gladly do
I make the sacrifice; and if they all,

Or some, should fall, I'll bow to Heaven's will,
For they'll have done so in a righteous cause."
Almost before he ceased the neighbor walked
Away, and soon the farmer bade good-night;
But William lingered yet awhile to talk
With Mary.

The morrow came, and with it came the stir
And bustle of departure. William came
At early morn for Mary, ready then
To follow him. The village folks had sent
For Mary. When the first call spread its dread
Alarm throughout the land, the village maids
Had zealously begun a silken flag,
To show their loyalty and lead their loved
Ones and their neighbors into battle. Now
Had come the time to consecrate the flag
To holy use, and to their worthiest
Entrust its honor. It was nearly finished.
They summoned Mary, for she had proposed
The plan, and was regarded as their head.
The old man stood within the cottage door,
His eyes were fixed upon the zealous pair,
Until the sound of rattling wheels was lost

Amid the hills beyond; and as he looked
Upon the two, so joined in heart and mind
And deeds of good, he smiled with pride; but, when
They passed from view, he sighed and shook his head
As he anticipated changes that
Might come through war's vicissitudes, and he
Felt lone at heart. The village maids, with skill,
Completed soon the task imposed by love,
And soon the clatt'ring sound of wheel and hoof
Upon the roadway called the pastor out
To greet his children, and receive what news
They brought. "O, father!" Mary cried in haste,
"The young men of the village have enrolled
Themselves, and many older, and the strong
And sturdy farmers, and their hearts are all
Aglow. It seems just like those early days
Of our short history, of which you've told
Me much. The aged mothers bless their sons
And bid them go, and wives their husbands. Glad
Am I that I have seen these things, for now
I know our land is safe. This afternoon
They leave, and you are to address them when
I give to them the flag that is to lead
Them and their comrades on to victory;

And William has been chosen to protect
And bear it." Then the pastor's heart was glad,
For he was proud to take what part he could.
Their midday meal was scanty, and the horse,
Grown old in faithful service, as if he
Imbibed the spirit of the time, conveyed
Them quickly to the village. William had
Preceded them. The streets were crowded. Up
And down resounded tread of marching feet.
The village band made live the air with strains
Of music. Youthful cheeks glowed warmer; eyes
Flashed brighter; blood coursed with a quicker flow,
To martial notes of drum and fife.
The pastor and his daughter, as they passed
Along, were greeted with uncovered heads
And loud huzzas. The glory of great deeds
And duty done inspired all. Tears and fears
Were banished by the time's enthusiasm;
Misgivings rising in the young wife's heart
Were lost in pride; the maiden's spirit rose
In emulation of her lover's. Times
Like this reveal the nation's life. The throng
Collected round the little monument
Of former deeds of glory, now entwined

With ivies, till the village square was filled.
A choir of village youth sang national airs.
Then came the orators; the doctor, bald
And kind; the jolly squire; the blacksmith, John,
Of brawny arm and sterling sense; and then
The young expounder of the village law,
With rounded college phrase; each speaking well
Brave words that stirred men's souls. And when the cheers
That well repaid their efforts died away,
The choir, with hearts enkindled, sang that hymn,
The grandest hymn of all to us, save those
We raise to God alone, "My country 'tis
Of thee, Sweet land of Liberty." And when
The pastor's reverend form before them rose,
Sublime and holy awe filled every heart,
And every head was bared. "Almighty God,"
He said, "brought forth a country after his
Own heart, amid the waters of the sea.
He fashioned it upon the grandest scale
Of beauty and munificence. The hands
Of nature's giants piled up wonders which
No other country knows. High mountain peaks
Support the floor of heaven. Mighty streams

Wash boundless plains, and hill and vale
In richest garbs of nature are arrayed.
All teems with wealth. Resources never told
Invite a nation's growth. The angels smile
And linger here. Our God reserved this land
Until the travail of the ages had
Produced a race of men who well deserved
So good a heritage. His counsels e'er
Have guided them, and e'er his strong right arm
Protected them." The pastor's heart grew warm,
His features glowed as he continued thus
To tell the glories of our nation's growth,
Our early ancestors' unselfish toil
And sacrifice, the grand significance
Of all their struggles, and the noble names
They had produced. And then he strongly spoke
About the dreadful crisis come upon them. How
Sad dissolution threatened now the grand
Results of past endeavors of mankind.
He seemed to be some saintly prophet come
From olden times, as then he told in faith
The issue of the conflict. "In suspense,"
He said, "the nations of the earth look on.
The spirits of heroic ages gaze on us.

The generations yet unborn appeal
To us, and we will not prove recreant to
Our trust. The God of battles, who preserved
Our fathers, will sustain our cause and see
Us safely through. In Him will be our trust."
And lustily the people cheered, and tears
Of deep emotion moistened many cheeks.
"My friends," the good man still went on, "we send
You forth to battle. All our hopes and prayers
Are with you. Twice the President has called.
Your comrades are already in the field
Or on the march. From every Northern hill
And plain they swell the ranks, and many more
Will follow. We present to you this flag
To lead you on through battle, toil, and death
To glorious victory. Fair hands have woven
Its heavenly hues together. Brave hearts' hopes
Are there. Its glories are obscured. The hands
Of brothers trail it in the dust. But they
Shall not prevail. A million freemen will
Not let one fold be torn. To you we give
This up, and trust that when you bring it back
It may again, without one star erased

Or streamer stained, wave o'er a country joined
In heart and mind. Your mission is one full
Of glory and of danger; may the God
Of Jacob keep you in it." Then he gave
It o'er to William, and the heart-stirred choir
Sang "The Star-Spangled Banner." And the throng
No longer could contain itself. The young
Men waved their hats and cheered. The old men wept
And shouted till their throats were hoarse. Young girls
Waved little flags and handkerchiefs and joined
The singing of the choir, and mothers raised
Their babes on high to have them look upon
That sacred banner of our liberty.
A short time was allowed for parting words.
Young maidens, wives, and mothers closely clung
To loved ones, weeping all as if their hearts
Were breaking. Even strangers' cheeks were moist,
And many a brave man's eyes grew dim, as once
Again he kissed his weeping boys and girls
And infant smiling in its mother's arms.
William had time to place on Mary's hand
The ring of promise, and to whisper words
Of hope and courage; then the drums announced
The march. 'Mid ringing cheers and farewell shouts

The new-made soldiers gayly marched away
To lively music,—many never to return.
Beyond the village, from the hill-top, Mary
Watched the stars and stripes recede and pale,
Until the stars set in the forest shade.
Then silently they turned them to their home.
She had kept bravely up, but when alone
Within her little room, she realized
Her loss, and bitterly she wept. That night
Within the village there were sleepless eyes
And heavy hearts.

The days passed quickly at the parsonage,
For much of Mary's time was spent in deeds
Of charity and love. There was much need
Of this among the villagers, for one
By one the war made widows there, and left
Poor children fatherless. And yet, at times,
The hours dragged wearily, and tears would moist
Her eyes, and ages seemingly had passed
Away since William left them, and her heart
Was filled with dread and longing. Then the good
Old father sought to fill the painful void
Produced by William's absence. Often he

Enlisted Mary's taste and skill to make
Their little cottage more attractive. Vines
Were trained upon its walls, and flowers rare
And precious soon adorned the garden which
Surrounded it. He planned excursions made
To distant friends, with cheerful company,
Through lovely scenes, in order to divert
Her mind. Their promise, made when William left,
Was not forgotten. For the patriots who
Remained at home the war brought work enough
To do; more often than to those who fought
Upon the field. Just as the battle wrecks
Were not the saddest victims which the war
Demanded, but the heroes of the hearth,
The patient ones, whose lives were worn by pain
Of loss and heart-ache and anxiety.
The daughter shared the pastor's plans to aid
The cause with glowing heart and woman's tact.
They formed societies to sew and knit,
And gather lint and tea, jellies, these
And other sweets of home, which most our sick
And wounded heroes needed. Every day
Brought new demands. The cry for more increased.
New troops were called and ordered to the front,

And heavy battles fought. All knew that peace
Was distant. Mary corresponded much
With various soldiers' aid societies,
The better to direct her zealous efforts.
Unceasingly she labored. Aided well
By friends, she sometimes planned great fairs, or gave
Some entertainment in the village. This
Was always well attended. Mary would
At such times sing the nation's songs and hymns
With warm enthusiasm, that kindled hearts.
Then would she read some parts of letters sent
By William, or the noble women who
Were toiling in the hospitals, agents of
The aid societies. These narratives
Of patriotic valor and of death,
Of patient suffering and glorious death,
Ne'er failed to bring the tears to eyes that wept
But seldom; never failed to open wide
The purse-strings of the audience. Thus she strove
To do her duty. Nearly every week
A letter came from William. Eagerly
And anxiously for them she watched and waited.
Each one was filled with words of hope and love
And courage, with tales of camp-life, of the march

And conflict. Modestly he always told
The part he took, and only when the truth
Demanded it in his recital; but it thrilled
Her bosom deep within whene'er he told
Her how his comrades bravely charged the foe,
In spite of shot and shell, while in their path
The ground was strewn with slain, and wounded men
Still cheering, as they lay, for union and
The starry flag; or how they stood their ground
'Gainst whelming hosts; for very well her heart
Told her that where most glory was to win,
And dangers thickest gathered, William was.
With heartfelt prayers of praise upon her lips,
She opened every one, because it brought her news
That William still was spared; but who can tell
The pain and sleepless fear with which she was
Oppressed whene'er the letters were delayed?
With working and with watching, one year passed
Away. Another came. Its golden grain
Bowed to the reaper; orchards yielded up
Their luscious burden, and the robin took
His flight; the battle-shaken earth was veiled
In snowy mantle. Sweetly on the air
The Christmas bells were ringing notes of peace.

Then William came. The Southern sun had browned
His face. A captain's uniform enwrapped
His sturdy frame. It was conferred on him
For merit on the field of action. In
The pastor's home the Christmas fires flared up
Right cheerily then, and happy hearts beat there.
Devoutly, then, they thanked their gracious God.
Their friends were called, rich feasts were spread, and
Were caroled, and the peaceful pastor's house [songs
Made merry for the son that was returned.
Two weeks of joy, and then 'twas o'er. Such is
The soldier's life: a week of happiness,
A week of rest, then comes the march and strife.

The winter passed away, and each week brought
Its missive. Here and there the flowers of May
Began to bloom. It was the second time
Since William left. Then Northward came the news
Of battle and defeat. Two weary days
The Union leader hurled his columns on
The Southern hosts without avail. They pressed
Him back in sullen march across the river.
And then the letters ceased. With anxious heart
She watched and waited, but no tidings came

From William. Well nigh ceased her heart to beat,
And from her cheeks the rose-bloom faded; day
By day she sat beside the window, looked
Adown the post-road with a wistful eye.
Day after day her heart grew heavy; still
No tidings came, and grieving friends thought he
Was dead. And when a month had glided by,
The pastor held memorial service in
The church. With heavy hearts the youthful choir
Sang solemn strains of death and life, and Him
Who knows his own, and many eyes were dim
With weeping, for they all loved William well.
The gray-haired pastor's eyelids trembled, tears
Rolled down his cheeks, and oft his lips refused
Their office, as he spoke about his friend,
Perhaps upon that far-off battle-field,
Unburied and unknown. But yet his eyes
Shone brightly, and a saintly look came o'er
His face when he repeated from the Word
Sweet thoughts of hope and immortality,
For here a noble life was fled. "We rear
Up hopeful lives," he said, "and part from them.
With pain we give them up, but God has rest
For such as these, and everlasting joy.

And these are they that purchase peace and life
For us. Our country needs such sacrifice.
We would not take them back, for she is worth
Them all and more. For her integrity
And glory we will gladly suffer much,
Endure our loss in silence." Many friends
Sought Mary's side. Much their kindly words
Gave comfort to her heart, for still there dwelt
In it a hope, though faint it was, that time
Would bring her back her lover. Yet she grieved.
Her hope was seconded by William's aunt,
Or, rather, mother's aunt, an aged dame
To whom she often went before their loss
In order to relieve her loneliness,
And now that they might share their sympathies.
Through all the dreary days of winter time,
And lengthened night-shades, aunt was wont to knit
And sew, enthroned upon her rocking-chair,
And crowned with locks of gray, and tidy cap.
When summer came, she moved her chair beneath
A shady tree behind her cosy house.
Here Mary loved to sit and work with her,
And listen to her pleasant chat. She still
Was strong. Her mind was fresh, and richly stored

With incidents that happened through her long
And varied life. She loved to tell these. So
They sat, the aged grandam and the maid,
And labored for their absent hero and
His comrades in the army. Often now
They sat together, weeping o'er their loss.
But in her heart the good aunt often said,
"My William is not dead." And she would say
To Mary: "Do not mourn, my child, I feel
That William is not dead, for something tells
Me so, and he may yet come back to us.
I have experienced this before. When I
Was young, not older, I suppose, than you
Are now, we lived up on the river where
The ferry is. Our nearest neighbors were
The Jameses, nigh a mile away. I was
Not married then, and John, the youngest son,
Then came to see me. He was brave and strong,
And knew well how to fight the Indians. He
Led settlers often out against the braves.
The settlers lived so far apart, and could
Not help each other well, unless they all moved to
The block-house, farther up the river, where
The Brady mansion stands. One day in fall,

Just as the Indian summer was about
To close, a house was burned, some three
Miles down the valley, where the road that leads
To Wilson's crosses over Beaver Creek.
The people in it all were killed. Right off
The settlers formed a band to follow up
The Indians and avenge their death. They came
For John to lead,—they always did at such
Times. None could follow up a trail as well
As he. John happened to be helping us
Take in our corn-shocks when they came for him.
He bade us all good-bye, and went away
With them at once. He had his rifle and
His ammunition with him when he came.
Those days men never thought of going out
Without them. Eight long days they followed up
The trail, because it was slow work sometimes.
The ground was hard then, and the Indians took
Good care to hide their tracks. At last they found
Them in a hollow of the forest, joined
By others; so the Indians were too strong
For them. But yet the men attacked them when
They slept, and killed a few of them before
They knew that they were followed. In the fight

The whites were driven off. They said that John
Was shot just when the fight began. Three more
Were killed, but all the rest got home, though some
Were badly hurt. We all thought John was dead."
"But, aunty, did'nt they go to find the men
Who had been killed, and bury them?" the maid
Inquired. "No, child, it was too late for that.
The men could not be spared to go so far;
And wild beasts finished what the Indians left,
Too soon to get the bodies, that we knew.
November passed away, December came,
And one night, while a heavy snow-storm raged,
I heard a rap, and when I opened up
The door, John stood there, with his coat all torn
To shreds, and almost shoeless. Next day all
The neighbors were called in from many miles
Around. The logs were piled up high, a deer
The boys had killed was roasted, and we had
A grand feast of rejoicing, for the lost
Was found, the dead returned to life again.
The parson happened to be there, and John
And I were married then that day. You see
He had been wounded, and the Indians took
Him off with them. They all knew him, and they

Were almost wild because they had at last
Got hold of their most wily foe. They nursed
Him till his wound was healed, reserving him
For torture. But one night he got away
From them, way off upon a branch of this
Same river just below. He floated down
The stream upon a log, so that they could
Not find his trail, and in a swamp he hid,
Half-frozen, till they ceased to search for him,
And then he made his way straight through the woods
To our house. Such things might come to pass
Again; in war there is much change and doubt,
And William may come back to us." The tale
Would strengthen Mary's hopes, but then grave doubts
Would rise and leave her sadder than before.
She mourned, but did not cease her labors. May
Had almost passed away. One day they met
To sew at William's aunt's; all people called
Her aunt. The learned village magistrate's
Two daughters, Jennie and fair Marguerite,
Were there, and Alice, farmer Greene's sole stay,
Now that the boys were gone; the youngest son
Had lately joined his brothers. Others, too,
Were there, all active in the cause. They took

Their seats beneath aunt's favorite tree, and she
Was made the center of the group of young
And busy workers. "Aunt, I don't suppose
You ever did such work as this before?"
Said Jenny. "No, not quite like this, of course,"
Replied the dame; "I was a little girl
The time we had the second war against
The British. Near the border then we lived.
There were no Sanitary Commissions those
Days, but the women made up things for their
Own folks and friends that joined the army. My
Two brothers went, and many of the sons
And husbands of our neighbors. Father was
Too old to go, although he often said
How he would like to shoulder arms again
To fight the British. He had tried it once
Before, when he fought under Washington.
The women folks made home-spun clothing, thick
And warm, and other clothing for their men
Folks who had gone away, and oftentimes
They sowed and did the reaping. Mother taught
Me how to knit, and many a day I sat
And knitted stockings for the boys and gloves
Until my fingers ached." And then the talk

Was taken up by Marguerite. "To-day,
Before I came out here, the widow Grey
Sent over her little daughter with a cup
Of jelly which she still had left, a pair
Of stockings, and a nice warm undershirt
Her husband used to wear. The tiny thing
Brushed back her straggling hair, and looked at me
With brightly-shining eyes, and asked me if
They could be sent off to the soldiers now,
And do them any good. 'Why, bless your heart,
Of course they can, my child!' I cried, and caught
Her up and kissed her, dirty as she was.
You should have seen how glad she was, and how
She scampered home to tell her ma, her bare
Feet bearing her away scarce fast enough."
"That isn't like our neighbor," Alice said,
While stooping to pick up the scissors she
Had dropped. "He is the richest farmer here,
But would not let his sons enlist, and curses
The taxes and the government. Last week
His daughter Jane asked leave to come with me
And help us, and the brute just scolded her,
Refused to let her go." "That Jones should look

At what things once were," aunty said, "or come
To me, and I would tell him. When his folks
Moved here, they occupied a cabin up
By yonder mill, and all our people helped
To build it for them. When the war broke out
They owned no foot of ground beyond that spot;
But in the war the Indians burned their house,
And then the government gave them nigh all
The land the family has to-day. That's just
The way with many of these Rebels here.
I feel as if I'd like to shoot a few
Of them myself." "Why, aunty, I believe
You'd make a soldier," Mary faintly smiled
And said. "Oh, I! indeed when I was young
I shot at Indians more than once when we
Were in the block-house," she replied. "It is
A blessing," Jennie added, "that the rich
Are not each one disposed like farmer Jones.
The last time that we held our fair, the kind
Old gentleman who lives down by the creek
Gave more than sixty dollars to the fund."
In this like for a time the talk went on.
Then Mary chanced to mention, in their talk,

A recent letter, published by request
Of leading soldiers' aid societies;
A lady correspondent near the front
Had written it. A well-known laborer
She was, and touchingly she had detailed
Experiences in camp and hospital.
"How nobly she has done!" exclaimed a bright
And busy worker; "she, I'm sure, deserves
Much honor; I am told she is a rich
And cultured lady. How she can endure
The life, I cannot see. She often is
Exposed to many inconveniences
And to inclement weather when fatigued.
It must be dreadful in the hospitals
To see the loads of wounded soldiers brought
In from a battle, with their bodies gashed
And limbs all torn and shattered; I, for one,
Could not endure it." "A woman can
Do much when once her heart commands or when
Occasion urges," Mary warmly said,
"And she can make heroic sacrifice."
"I heard this morning," added Marguerite,
While she arranged the garment which she now
Had nearly finished, "that a lady in

The city down the river volunteered
Last week to be a nurse. Our village has
Done much and suffered much, and we have toiled
Quite faithfully; but this not one of us
Has done, or mayhap thought of." "Yes, I think,
Perhaps, that some of us have thought of it,"
The aunt said, taking off her spectacles
To wipe, "but I sincerely hope that none
Will go. We have already given up
Our sons and husbands, and it is enough.
Why, none of you could stand it. It would soon
Wear out you dainty young folks, and your life
Would pay for it." "Oh, aunt! what can we call
Enough in such a cause as this is?" flushed
With feeling, Mary cried, "and think
One moment of the many thousand brave
And loyal sons and husbands dying in
The swamps and forests of the South from sad
Exposure and neglect, and all for us!
Then let us ask if one poor life should e'er
Be thought of that could yet bring life and hope
To many, and make glad so many hearts
And homes up North that otherwise would be
Forever dark and full of sorrow." To her work

She bent her face. The rest looked up surprised.
The aunt, full of emotion, laid her arm
On Mary's shoulder, and she gently drew
Her closer to her side, as if she feared
That her last comfort, too, would part from her.
She spoke. "But, Mary, such as you we can
Not spare." Then silence fell upon them all,
And soon they ended that day's labor.

The days passed slowly now. The flowers bloomed.
The woods were gay with life, and all the fields
Were clad in verdure. Roses bloomed, and pinks
And peonies around the parsonage;
The orchard blossoms painted varied hues
O'er all the landscape, and the balmy airs
Were richly laden with perfume. But each
Day Mary grew more pale and thoughtful. She
Still grieved for William, but another pain
And longing filled her soul. The cries of pain
And sadness from the South-land wooed her. She
Had read about, and often in her mind
Had pictured, patient woman-heroes, day
By day and through the dreary hours of night,
Without a murmur, flitting there among

The wounded, tenderly and lovingly
As angels would, to ease their burning pain,
And whisper words of love and hope to faint
And dying men. It seemed to her that they
Were closely following the pathway which
The patient Healer trod among the hills
Of Galilee; and she, too, longed to be
With them, and labor with them in a cause
So holy. But her father stood between
Her and her longing. When she looked upon
His saintly features, over which the light
Of heaven shone already, she would think
How lone would be his life without her. Then
She could not yet make up her mind to leave
Him. Often as she lay upon her couch
At night, awake, and listened to the rain
Descending on the roof, it seemed to her
That she could see her William, lying 'mid
The brush and bramble on the battle-field,
And with him thousands, wounded just as he.
They raised themselves to catch the drops of rain,
With parched and fevered lips, and wildly stretched
Their hands to her, imploring her to come
And help them, and it seemed to her that she must go.

And sometimes, when she gazed upon the stars
That twinkled through her chamber-window, she
Would think of William and her mother, long
Her sainted mother, as already gone
And dwelling there amid the shining hosts
Of heaven. And o'er her spirit there would steal
A sad, sweet melancholy, and enfold
Her being. And she wondered whether they
Were looking down upon her, and she longed,
Oh! how she longed, that she might fill her life
With noble deeds, and prove to them and all
The angels that she, too, was worthy of
Their company. And as she gazed, her heart
Would swell until it lost itself way off
Within that blue expanse, and sleep brought rest
And soothed her wearied mind. More tenderly
And constantly she now attended to
Her flowers, as if she found a sympathy
And consolation in their transient bloom
Of glories. More she now attended to
The poultry, and at eventide, whene'er
She brought them corn, the pigeons lighted on
Her shoulders, and they placed their downy heads
Close to her cheeks, as if they felt that she

Was sad; and when she fondled them and gazed
Into their mild, soft eyes, the tears would fill
Her own. She often sought the oak-tree down
The lane, or wandered to the spring, to muse
Of William, and the hopes that now were dead,
Or of the longings which her heart had fed
In secret, till they filled her being. There
She often went to weep, and o'er and o'er
Again read William's letters. Sacred now,
And noble, were the sentiments which they
Contained. She lingered o'er each single thought
And lofty aspiration, and it made
Her sorrow sweeter, and it warmed her own
Ambition till it seemed that she must go.
But then again she thought about her good
Old father and his loneliness, and close
To him seemed still her duty. So the days
Passed on until July brought news
Of battle nearer home. Oh, how the dread
Suspense, extending through those anxious days
Of battle, stirred the people of the North!
And oh! how great was the rejoicing, when
The last guns of the battle were salutes
To herald in the nation's day of birth.

The war seemed well-nigh over. But there rose
A cry for help and pity, touching all
The North-land, from the many thousands strewn
With wounds o'er all the hills and valleys round
That Pennsylvania village, which their fall
Had wreathed with fadeless glory. And that cry
Went straight to Mary's heart, and it appealed
For a decision of the conflict which
Was going on within her. Through that day
Of jubilee, the Independence day,
That knew two famous victories, she shared
The glad festivities with joy; but when
The evening came, she stole away again
And sought her lonely seat beside the spring.
In that sequestered spot her father found
Her. Thither he had often seen her walk,
With head down-cast and lingering footstep; and
His heart was wracked with all the silent griefs
And struggles of her youthful life. He stopped
And bowed his head when he beheld her there.
One arm was resting on the fountain's rock,
Moss-grown. Her pale, worn cheek, on which a tear
Still glistened, lay upon her folded hands.
She gazed far out towards the purpling heavens,

She seemed engaged in prayer, and o'er her face
There stole a holy glow. The father drew
Beside her silently and took his seat.
"My child," he said, "my heart has long been grieved
To see you pine and waste away. I thought
That you would soon bear William's death and loss
With Christian resignation, but I see
Your cheeks grow paler day by day, and day
By day your looks more thoughtful, and I know
That something else is gnawing at your life;
I think I have discovered what it is.
You have been told how women, noble-souled,
Are toiling in the hospitals, and now
Your warm, young heart is fired by their
Example and you wish to do as they.
Have I not read the secret of your heart
Aright?" "Oh, father, yes!" cried Mary. "Now
I can no longer hide it. Long ago
I felt that I should aid them in their work;
It is a holy cause; but, oh! I could
Not leave you, father, in your loneliness,
And at a time when family and friends
Should cluster round you, and the days should pass
In peace. I fought against the yearnings of

My soul, but all in vain. At night
I lie awake and hear the groans of agony
Arise from battle-fields; before me see
Weak arms, outstretched in mute appeal. And when
I wander out at evening, when the sun
Pours out his crimson streams as now he does,
It is not as it once was, but it seems
As if the blood of fallen heroes, deep
Had dyed the floor of heaven, and through it all
The angels poured a golden glory. Oh!
They seem to call to me to labor in
The cause. Upon the field of Gettysburg,
Lie thousands who have helped to save our land.
They lie in agony and cry for help,
And, father, I can stay no longer." Thus she spoke
And threw her arms around his neck and wept
Upon his bosom. Scarcely could he calm
His voice, but yet he said to her: "My child,
I dread the dangers and the horrors of
The hospitals, but if you think it is
Your mission, I will not say nay. Perhaps
A kindly Providence is pointing out
The way to find our lost one. Go, my child,
And may the Lord of Heaven keep you; I

Shall not be lonely. William's aunt will stay
With me and keep the house till you again
Return to us." So Mary went.

With patience and devotion Mary toiled
Two months at Gettysburg, and then she was
Transferred to Rosecrans' army, for ere long
He was expected to engage in long
And heavy conflict. Soon it came. Two days
The battle raged on Chickamauga Creek,
And she was there, and labored in the rear
Of our brave army. When the distant roar
Of cannon shook the earth, the stretchers soon,
And ambulances, slowly brought their loads
Of torn humanity, and shrieks went up,
And curses, from the surgeons' tables. Soon
There lay upon the trembling ground long rows
Of men, begrimed with smoke and powder, all
Bespattered with their life's blood. Many groaned
With agony and cursed the enemy
While nursing bleeding stumps, or gaping wounds
Of ball or sabre. Mary's heart bled when
She saw them. Courage nearly failed; but as
She gazed upon the patient faces there

Of pain-wracked heroes, waiting quietly
The surgeon's care, she longed for many more
To help her, and she speedily did what
She could to ease their misery. She bent
O'er many a gallant form, and whispered words
Of cheer and sympathy while bandaging
A wound. And if the life-blood ebbed away
And told of dissolution, she would speak
Of life beyond, and of the Captain who
Commands the hosts above. Great, brawny hands,
Grown weak from loss of blood, grasped hers before
The pulses ceased, and manly eyes beamed thanks
To her before they closed in death. "My boy,"
She often said to men all torn with shell
And left for hours without a taste of food
Or drink upon the field, "you have been called
Upon to suffer much to save the flag.
We never can repay you." "Yes," they said,
"It sure is hard to suffer so and die
So far away from home and those we love,
But yet we do it gladly for the stars
And stripes;" or, "Never mind it, ma'am; we'd do
It all again." And Mary felt it was
A blessed thing to work for such as they.

With overflowing heart she heard from all
The parting messages to parents, wives,
Or sweethearts in the North, and cut the locks
From noble brows, on which the death-damp stood,
To send to them the last mementos of
Their soldier-dead. "Tell Jane," they'd say (or Anne),
"To teach the boys to fear the Lord and love
The flag for which their father died. I hope
To meet them all above." Next day the fight
Drew nearer. Mary saw our army fall
Back, step by step, and feared that all was lost.
And then she prayed that God would shield the cause
Of right. She often turned to watch the tide
Of battle. Nearer rolled its surges. From
The hillock where she stood, she plainly saw
The regiments rush up and take their place
With loud hurrahs. A few loud volleys, then
They disappeared in smoke, and she could tell
Them only by the flashes of their guns,
And helplessly she trembled for the brave
Young lives so soon to meet their end. The great
Guns roared, and threw their iron load far out
Beyond our army into struggling lines
Of grey. Their thunder grew more deafening.

New batteries came up, the horses lashed
To foam, and were unlimbered near to her.
Long lines of wounded soldiers painfully
Emerged from out the battle-smoke, and dragged
Themselves away from danger. Many fell
At almost every step, and now and then
A fatal ball would crash through some poor man
Almost within the reach of safety. Crowds
Of stragglers hurried by, worn out by toil
And fighting, or disheartened, and they called
To her to flee; but still she staid. Intense
Became the noise and heat of battle, and
Confusion. Every moment bullets whizzed
And whistled past her, and the great shot struck
The limbs of trees and scattered fragments all
Around. Right through the hospital of tents
The balls flew constantly, or struck some man
Already wounded. Surgeons laid aside
Their instruments to help re-form the men
Who straggled back. Artillery-men, with sleeves
Rolled up, all black with sweat and powder-smoke,
Stood by their guns, and grimly dealt out death
As fast as mortals could. The foe pressed on;
The long suspense grew dreadful. All around,

The wounded privates ceased their groans and cries
To listen to the fray; and officers,
Delirious with excitement and their hurts,
Imagined legions led with noisy shouts
Of courage. Mary knelt upon the ground
To pray. Then came a cheer that shook the earth,
And slowly our men drove back the foe.
How grand it seemed to Mary when she saw
The stars and stripes move on triumphantly,
Enwreathed in battle-smoke. Right on she saw
It go, as regiment by regiment
Our boys pressed on the foe. Forward they went,
On down the vale, and parting sunbeams caught
Its stripes whene'er they shone above the mists.
She waved her apron o'er her head, and cried
And shouted till the tears rolled down her cheeks;
And all around her caught the shout and took
It up, and dying soldiers waved their hands
And cheered with their last breath. But far away
Upon the left she saw blue lines retreat,
And soon superior numbers forced the men
In front to take a new position. Then,
When night closed o'er, the hospital was held
By foes, and Mary was a prisoner.

Within her heart had Mary ofttimes said,
"I know that William is not dead;
I feel,—I know,—I yet shall see him." And she longed
To search through Southern prisons, for she thought
He was confined there. When her captors wished
To send her back to Union lines, she asked
Permission to attend some officers
Who had been wounded in the fight and were
To go to Richmond. There, it seemed to her,
She might find William. So she went and nursed
Her patients in the hospital. She was
To them a light from heaven in that dark
And dreary place. She daily looked around
For faces that she knew, but none appeared.
Her spirits sunk, and Mary often wept;
For William, after all, might be at rest
Beneath the ground. The sights around her made
Her sick at heart, and now she often wished
She were beneath the flag again and breathed
The pure, free air of heaven; but her charge
Detained her. One by one, in spite of all
Her care, they dropped away, for sore indeed
Had been their wounds, and there no woman's care
Could bring them back to life. She grew more lone

And worn. But three were left, and if they, too,
Should die, she would request a safe return
To Union lines. At times she was allowed
To go about to see the patients in
The hospital, and talk to them and do
What then she could to make those wasted men
More comfortable. One day she visited
A room she had not seen before. There lay
Upon a pallet in the farther corner,
The noble figure of a captain, clad
In blue. Confinement and disease and lack
Of wholesome food had worn away his flesh.
A colonel knelt beside him, and he bathed
A wound upon the captain's breast. He did
It with a look of care, and tenderly
As woman could. He evidently was
The sick man's friend. Her heart was struck
With pity, and she touched the colonel on
His shoulder and requested to relieve
Him. When he turned, he long time gazed at her,
As if a being from a world unknown.
He stammered pardon, and he asked her how
She came there, for he saw her sympathy,
And knew she was a lady and a friend,

Way off there in that dismal place. And then
He stepped aside and let her end the task
He had begun. She knew such work. Three months'
Experience taught her much, and skillfully
She did it. Then she looked upon the face
Of him so sorely hurt. A beard concealed
The lower part, but when she brushed aside
The straggling locks upon his brow, she gave
A shriek that rang through all that place and hushed
Its groans, and then she fainted by the side
Of William. It was he. The colonel dashed
Some water on her face, and Mary soon
Revived. She bent o'er William, but he knew
Her not, for he was very sick and faint.
Then Mary laid her hand upon his face,
And sobbed and prayed o'er him, and gently called
His name, but still he knew her not. Long time
She wept and gazed upon him; then she calmed
Herself, for well she knew how weak he was,
And how much care he needed, if he yet
Could be recovered. Softly, then, she watched
And waited there. The colonel asked her whence
She was, for his surprise was great. For months
No lady's voice had sounded in his ears;

Naught else but groans, and curses of the guards,
And she he knew was from the North. She told
Him who she was, and then he knew her well,
For he was William's friend, and William oft
Had told him of the parsonage and friends
And prospects. In his fever he would call
For Mary, and would speak of her alone.
And Mary told the colonel how she came
There, for she saw that he was William's friend,
And trusted him. Together they now nursed
Their patient. But the maiden scarcely could
Be taken from him. Day by day she sat
Beside her lover, and her soul was wrung
With anguish when she looked upon his wan
And wasted features and his sunken eyes,
Upon the shadow of the form that once
Was stout and manly. Earnestly she prayed
That God would spare him in his goodness, let
Her take him back again, home to his aunt
And to the good old father waiting there
To bless them. Eagerly upon each breath
She hung, and motion. Carefully she weighed
Its strength or weakness. Sometimes he would come
To consciousness, and grasp her hand and smile,

As if he knew her. Then again the heat
Of fever caused his cheeks to glow and eyes
To glisten, and he spoke of her and home,
And of the oak-tree and the woodland fount.
She wept in silence as she sat and listened.
The days passed slowly by, and William grew
But little better. In his cell the air
Was noisome, and she longed to take him out
Beneath the light of heaven, where again
He might behold green fields and breathe pure air.
One day her wish was granted. They were there
Beside their patient, whispering of him
And home, and of the horrors of the war,
She and the colonel, and there came to them
A Southern general, a courtly man,
Deputed to inspect the hospital.
He raised his hat, and gallantly he bowed
To Mary. Turning to the colonel, he
Seemed struck. He looked awhile, and then he grasped
His hand. They had been friends at college; now
They recognized each other. Long they talked,
And Mary and the colonel begged that they
Might take their patient to some better place.
He listened thoughtfully, but shook his head

In doubt, and soon he left. Next day he came,
And handed them paroles for signature.
"Old friend," he said, "we fight on different sides,
And on the field we'd meet as foes; but I
Have not forgotten yet the friendship which
Was once between us. For the sake of it,
And for the lady's, I have done this. Up
The river I possess a home which now
I seldom see. I have employed six men
To take you there upon a boat; there you
May stay in quiet till your patient has
Recovered. Then you must return again,
Except the lady. She is free; the South
Detains no lady. I can do no more
For you. Some day, I hope, we all may meet
In better circumstances." From their hearts
They thanked him for his generosity.
With care they took the sick man up and placed
Him in the boat, and carefully they sailed.
They slowly left the war-worn city back,
With all its frowning guns and battlements.
It was the middle of October. In
That sunny Southern land no leaves had yet
Begun to turn. Where still the forests stood

They were alive with songs of birds, and fields
Were green. How Mary's heart rejoiced to see
Again the sunlight free, and feel the cool,
Fresh breezes o'er the river! On they sailed.
How far she cared not. All her soul was lost
In rapture. On they sailed; she asked not where;
A noble heart had sent them royally
Upon their voyage. "Was there not," she said,
"A hope of life for him she loved, in all
These cooling winds that gently wafted songs
And smells of sweetness over him?—in all
This freshness of the landscape?" Gleefully
She dipped her faded hands into the waves,
And with the laughing waters laved his brow.
Then William smiled. The change seemed to revive
Him. Soon he murmured Mary's name, the first
Time yet with reason since she found him sick
In prison. Oh, how light her heart was! On
They sailed, until the shades fell eastward; then
They reached their destination. On the bank
The house stood, bosomed in a wood. A broad
Veranda swept around it. Home-like it
Appeared, and cheerful. Far remote it stood
From all the desolation and the noise

Of war. They thanked their God with all their hearts
When they beheld it. They had come to it
Like travelers from a dreary land of death
And horrors into paradise. They sent
A message from the master. Soon there came
A colored servant to assist them. Soft
They took the sick man up, and gently they
Conveyed him through the gateway, up the drive,
Through fragrant evergreens and blooming beds
Of asters. At the door the mistress met
And kindly welcomed them; and soon they had
Their patient nicely placed upon a bed
Of snowy white, and looking o'er the wood
And river. Very comfortable he looked
There, after all the darkness and the filth
And want of prison; and he seemed so pleased
And happy, Mary thought he could not die.
The journey had fatigued him. Soon he fell
Asleep. She waited by his bedside. Long
He slept and soundly, and the mistress begged
Of her to seek repose, and she at length
Consented, for she, too, was weary. All
Night long she slept and dreamt of home and peace
And happiness. It was her first sweet sleep

For many days—no roar of guns disturbed,
No groan of weary sufferer. The day
Had fairly dawned when she awoke, and straight
She went to William's couch, but still he slept.
When he awoke from sleep the day had sped
Far on its way. He was refreshed and spoke.
He murmured happy words and thanks to her,
And Mary's heart was very glad. The days
Brought strength to him, and never did she leave
His side. He soon began to speak of home
And of familiar scenes, and often asked
Her how she came to him; but she enjoined
On him to wait until his health should be
Still better. So the days passed on, and hope
Grew strong in Mary's bosom. Then there came
A sudden change. The poison of his wound
Had eaten deep into the vital springs.
'Twas not for mortal life to fight against
It and prevail. The burning heat returned,
And soon he sank into a stupor. Once
He rallied, and he spoke of home and heaven,
And of the cause for which he died, and blessed
It; softly whispered Mary's name, and then
He passed away. They laid him down to rest

Without a dirge or service of the church,
Beneath a willow, where the river's waves
Low murmur, in that far-off Southern land,
And Mary and the colonel knelt and prayed
Upon his grave. A week they tarried there,
And by the river's rolling waters oft
They sat together, and together sighed
For love that now was lost, and for the life
Before them both. A week they tarried there,
And then there came a day when Mary could
Be taken to the Union lines, and he
Returned to prison.

A letter had preceded Mary, and
The pastor waited at the station. When
He saw her pale, worn face, his heart was full
And tears coursed freely down his furrowed cheeks.
She threw herself into his waiting arms,
And nature granted what it had withheld
Since William died; she wept as if her heart
Were breaking. Tenderly, so tenderly,
He placed her in the carriage and conveyed
Her to their cottage. William's aunt was there
To welcome her, but Mary knew her not.

They laid her on her couch, and there she lay
For many weeks, just on the border-land
Of life. At last the danger passed away,
And Mary took her wonted place again
Among the living; but the roses did
Not bloom again upon her cheeks, nor light
Flash brightly in her eyes. A deeper light
Was there, and sadly sweet her life flowed on.
The war was ended and a winter gone,
And o'er the silent armies of the dead
The lilies blossomed. Then they brought all that
Was left of William back to lie at rest
At home beside his mother. Loving hands
Made beautiful his sepulcher and raised
A monument upon it.

The German Exiles.

Fair Pennsylvania! my people's home!
O'er thy green hills and plains I love to roam;
I love to linger in thy lovely vales,
Where mountain peak the roseate morning hails,
Or where thy rivers hold their ceaseless flow,
And streamlets babble and sweet lilies blow.
A Switzerland, a France, within thee lies,
High over-vaulted by Italian skies.
Peace and prosperity within thee reign,
Thy happy people sing but freedom's strain;
Their thrift has turned thee to a garden fair,
And busy noises lade thy balmy air.

'Twas here, exiled across the ocean's foam,
My weeping people sought a peaceful home;
And here, through painful toil, that home they found,
Here still their hearty German accents sound.
My heart pulsates in sympathy with theirs,
I love their virtues and regret their cares.
By adverse fortunes have their souls been tried,
By cruel, bitter trials purified.

The conquered sons of Erin's lovely isle
Were dastardly retained in bondage vile.
Deprived of all held sacred, all held dear,
Their spoil sustained the victor's wild career;
The race profusely bled at ev'ry pore,
And Erin's songs and wit were heard no more.

Again, when Persecution's stern decrees
Drove England's exiles o'er the wintry seas,
By bitter hate the fondest ties were riven,
And mournful hearts petitioned help from Heaven.

Acadia's children sang the same sad strain
As captive Israel on Shinar's plain,
When England's strong, relentless hand

Forced them to leave their homes and well-loved land,
And seek, 'mid strangers on a foreign shore,
More kindly fortunes than were theirs before.

But far more ruthless was the cruel fate
When fierce Ambition joined with deadly Hate
And swept our honored German ancestry
Away, from land to land, from sea to sea,
To wander homeless on, through weary years,
And eat the crumbs which pity gave, in tears.

When gazing on their towns and cities, where
High, slender church-spires cleave the limpid air,
Where generous Wealth and Comfort free unite
With Taste to render home a rare delight;
And far away, o'er large and well-tilled farms
And cozy homes, half-hid in rural charms,
My mind, elated, soars in willing flight
To scenes which all my song, my love invite,
When still along the banks of German Rhine
Our fathers praised their God in notes divine.
I see again the humble, sturdy throng
Engaged in toil the purple vines among.
Nobility of labor they enjoy,

Contentment poverty cannot destroy;
Their songs are echoed through the vine-clad hills
More sweet and clear than music of their rills.
I mingle with the merry, laughing troop
Upon the village green, a joyous group;
I join the lively dance, the hearty song,
Forgetting all my tears, all toil and wrong.
Or climb the hill-side with rejoicing friends
When April sad the varied circle ends,
To greet the rising sun with joyful mirth,
The herald of the new year's gladd'ning birth,
To toast the new, lament the old's decay,
With op'ning flowers of the month of May.
I follow with the laughing wedding-train
The bride with flowers crowned and happy swain,
And wish, 'mid toasts of wine and pleasant cheer,
Unnumbered blessings, faithful friends and dear,
And fruitful wedlock to the happy pair.

How sacred is the rite that binds to share
An humble life of toil two simple hearts
Unused to guile, and false, deceptive arts.
The glitter, pomp, and ceremonial show,
The brilliant jewels, vestments like the snow,

Of those united in a high estate,
Inspire not reverence so pure and great
Towards the holy, heaven-exalted rite.

I join the family when shades of night
Convene it round the genial evening fire;
With pleasure hear the tales the loving sire
Recites to ears attentive gathered round;
And ere the evening's o'er, the love profound
That lowered heaven to earth, raised earth to heaven;
And wise instruction from the Gospel leaven,
Condensed in simple, catechismal form,
A lore that steeled the heart 'gainst many a storm.

Nor Greece nor Rome, nor France nor England proud,
Though cultured and by virtues rare endowed,
Had seen such homes as these. Here virtue, love,
And truth, and piety that seeks above
Its highest aim, its richest theme, its hope,
Were first implanted, and here first found scope.
And hence proceeded all that goodly cheer,
That stern integrity, that god-like fear,
The pure devotion that each Sabbath morn,
From cot and palace and from farthest bourn,

Assembled worshipers to hear the Word
And thanks return for blessings God conferred;
All, all that makes the German name revered,
And patriot courage, too, that makes it feared.

Such was the land where Beauty's richest dress
Enwrapped the fruitful earth with loveliness;
Still over which the tourist loves to roam,
The scholar's pride, the artist's favored home.
Such were its sons, a noble, sturdy race.
Untrammeled by the bonds which man disgrace,
In free-born majesty and strength they rose
'Gainst lovely Freedom's Pope-appointed foes.
Imbibing truth as doth the thirsty sod
Refreshing dews sent by a gracious God,
Their lofty spirits could no more support
The abject slavery of the priestly court,
The degradation of perverted truth,
Of God-bought mercy sold as wares, forsooth.
Not flaming stake, not noisome dungeon-cell,
Not torments worthy of the prince of hell,
Invented by fanatic hate, could crush
The brave defenders of the truth, nor hush
Their fervent prayers, and grand old hymns of praise.

Nor cruelty, nor time, could quench the blaze
That set their hearts aglow; but fierce and fleet,
Like raging fire repressed, its gen'rous heat
Consumed the barriers of humanity.
The swelling tides, once free and unconfined,
Leaped on in mighty flow, as one combined.
The crumbling ruins of Error's mighty towers
Were swept away by its o'erwhelming powers;
The world of heart and mind was glad with birth
New and luxuriant o'er the blood-drenched earth,
Of Freedom's verdant offspring, fresh and strong,
Whose fruits mature throughout the ages long,
And multiply the hopes and joys of man.

Religion sweetly wove her garlands fair,
And Learning bound them in the victor's hair;
She set her fountains' gates wide, wide ajar,
And Learning kept them in their course afar,
And freely cast into their limpid streams
Her richest jewels, which the sunlight's beams
Make bright with glory. Men rejoicing sing
Eternal praise to heaven's gracious King;
The human heart, long, long oppressed with wrong,
When freed burst forth in glad, triumphant song,

Whose notes will echo with a mellow ring,
Till freed mankind, at last, will greet its King.

Long was the fight 'gainst cruelty, and ban.
Two centuries beheld, firm in the van
Devoted to the glorious truth of God,
The sons of Germany. Their German sod
Imbibed their life-blood's sacrificial flow;
And German breezes, as they murmured low,
Were burdened with the groans of martyrdom
Triumphant in the joys that were to come.
The groaning, shudd'ring earth, time and again,
Resounded to the tread of armèd men;
The wide-extended plains, once bright with life,
Were darkened by a fratricidal strife;
And many a well-contested battle-field
Proclaimed the valor of Religion's shield.
The last, but far the greatest of them all,
How hallowed by a sainted hero's fall!
A stranger, truly friend! a sacrifice
So great and costly, sure, could well suffice.
What sage could tell, inspired poet sing,
The glories of fair Sweden's martyred King?
Above the grave where sainted heroes sleep

Let men, revering, sacred silence keep.
There nature's voices chant in sweetest strain,
And angel minstrels swell a glad refrain
In choral song. Nature sings in low, sad notes,
The heavenly song in holy triumph floats;
Grieved Nature lost her best and noblest sons,
Rejoicing Heaven reclaimed her honored ones.
But time will keep their hallowed memory green,
Their virtues live, although their forms unseen,
And manhood rises to a higher plain,
Inspired by deeds of these exalted slain.

At length the battle-thunders cease their roar,
And warriors' shouts and groans are heard no more,
And, like the mists from off the watery wold,
The war-clouds slowly from the land are rolled.
And slow-subsiding, as when in the night
The roaring tempests, with a demon's might,
To fury lash the waters, till they rise
In rival waves, foam-crested to the skies,
And finally, when storm-clouds roll away,
And bright the sun brings in the new-born day,
The waves are calmed upon the ocean's breast,
So men's fierce-raging passions sink to rest.

The blazing sun, with his attendant train,
Looks down on Desolation's gloomy reign;
On cities where the noise of trade is hushed,
And lovely structures, like bright prospects crushed,
In fragments strewed around, the temples of God
And Art, where Beauty's feet have often trod;
And shattered pillars left on blackened walls,
Aloft, like arms raised with entreating calls,
Imploring Heaven's pity; in their moats
The crumbling walls of cities. Fiercely gloats
Destruction over all. Bare are the hills,
Denuded of their verdant glory. Rills,
Scarce purified from war's polluting stains,
In low tones murmur sad and plaintive strains.
Wide o'er the fields no golden harvests gleam,
When over all the glowing sunbeams stream.
The peasant's song and huntsman's merry call
Are hushed, and death-like silence reigns o'er all.
Instead of lowing herd and tinkling bell,
The howl of wild beasts breaks this tragic spell,
And sounds of mourning heard throughout the land,
Loud lamentations from the heart-pierced band;
The wail of widows grieving for the dead,
And orphans crying through the streets for bread;

The sobs of loving mothers over treasures lost,
And agèd sires bemoaning loud the cost;
Fair sisters weeping for brave brothers slain,
And maids for lovers mangled on the plain.
The air resounds with cries of friends and foes,
Fraternized by their common loss and woes.
The noblest in the land once proudly trod,
Now silent sleep beneath the blood-stained sod.
Learning and Art, in mourning weeds arrayed,
Slow pace their sculptured halls or sylvan shade,
Lamenting their most gifted sons.
They heed not time as it in silence runs
Its rapid flight, and desolate and lone
Are now their homes. The chisel and the stone
Are left untouched, and scattered on the ground
The fragments of the easel lie around.
Hushed are the sounds of pleasing harmony,
The untuned cords can yield no melody.
The poet's shuddering soul recoils with dread
From scenes before his piercing vision spread,
And all his horrid dreams remain unsung.
Sweet Nature's book, with all its crowded throng
Of mysteries, tempts not the student's pains;
The golden field of Truth unsearched remains.

And Wealth has yielded sway to Poverty,
And Pride been humbled to a low degree.
Throughout the country, like a midnight pall,
Destruction lies and sorrow dark o'er all.

Great was the price, but great the blessings won,
On Germany soon shines a milder sun.
The night was gloomy, but the dawn is bright;
'Twas sad transition to a clearer light.
Soon bruisèd hearts cease wildly to lament,
And grateful songs to bounteous Heaven are sent.
Again are heard the sounds of industry,
And joyful ring the sounds of merry glee.
The peaceful shepherd tunes his pipe again,
And harvests rich reward the toils of men.
The ruined cities from their ashes rise,
And resurrection graces glad the eyes;
Kind Nature strives to hide her ghastly wounds
By weaving verdant mantles over mounds
Of crumbling ruins. Hills are clad in green
To hide the ruthless deeds of men with screen
Of living beauty. Sounds of tinkling bells
Are heard again through flowery meads and dells;
And through the quiet Sabbath air

The clear-toned bells God's saving love declare.
And zealous devotees kneel at the shrine
Of Learning Heaven-crowned and Art divine.
Sweet Freedom smiles on men released from thrall;
Prosperity and Peace now reign o'er all.

But hark! what cannon-thunders roar aloud,
Like Heaven's artillery from the mountain cloud?
What sullen roaring as of coming storm,
More loud and louder as the war-clouds form
In ever denser masses 'mongst the hills
Through which the Rhine's enraptured bosom thrills?
O, Palatine! thy dream soon fades away,
Too soon war's horrors new reclaim their sway.
Hark! hark! the cruel shouts of fierce Turenne
Ring out o'er every plain, through every glen;
And burning cities light the midnight sky,
And murdered innocents for vengeance cry.
Unhappy people, o'er your peaceful homes,
Like blasting pestilence, destruction comes.
Entreaties nor defense can now avail;
Who dares oppose, sinks 'neath the leaden hail.
No tears can move that cruel monster's breast;
Unhappy land, for thee there is no rest!

The tide rolls on, and, like a withering blast,
Wide o'er its course is desolation cast.
The smouldering remains of homes and grain
Now blacken every hill-side, every plain.
With tearful eyes in prayer raised up to God,
His people bow beneath his chastening rod,
In quiet faith, submissive to his will.
Their German land is still their own, and still
The faith for which they suffered much and long.
And German thrift and German purpose strong,
The land's prosperity will soon restore;
And greater peace than they enjoyed before,
Their God will grant them. Gladly they foresee
The free enjoyment of the liberty
For which they ventured life and all.
But no, 'tis not to be, their hopes must fall,
God's mercy hides from man's inquiring eyes
The future's store of good or ill, both wise.
The murky clouds have scarcely rolled away,
Scarce gleamed the streamings of another day,
When over the unhappy land once more
Destruction's furious legions wildly pour.
O, God! and will these terrors never cease,
And yield to fair and smiling fruits of peace?

Poor land! thy tribulations multiply,
In vain for help thy stricken children cry.
Melac! Melac! and all his savage horde,
Sweep o'er th' ill-fated land with bloody sword.
The country trembles 'neath their armed advance,
Their cannon-thunders, and their lightning's glance.
They sweep before them all, those savage men,
Lay waste like western storms destructive, when
From cloud to cloud the darting lightnings flash,
And rolling thunders rumble, roar, and crash;
The furious winds, loosed from their guarded cave,
In terrible contention rage and rave.
Th' affrighted earth, alarmed, in terror quakes,
And lofty hill its crested summit shakes;
The clouded sky in anger darkly frowns,
The tempest's roar all sounds of nature drowns;
And man and beast in horror-stricken flight,
In vain seek shelter from its potent might.
The monarchs of the forest groan and yield
Like wisps of grain swept from the harvest-field;
Huge rocky masses, loosened from the height,
Roll crashing down in swift, destructive flight.
Rocks, trees, and buildings through the air are hurled,
The scattered fragments of a threatened world;

And what escapes the winds through strong defense
Yields to the wingèd lightning's violence,
Throughout the wretched country everywhere
The heaven-lighted altars lurid glare,
And, ere the devastating storm is o'er,
The drenching rains in sheeted torrents pour;
And when the fury of the storm has passed,
The pitying stars shine on a desert vast.

The Frenchman leaves no spot inviolate,
But sacrifices all to his inhuman hate.
Afflicted poor, the children of Wealth caressed,
Alike are hurried from their homes distressed.
The sick, infirm and strong, the young and old,
Are pitilessly giv'n to Winter's cold.
Alas! four hundred thousand people see—
Can man on man inflict such misery!—
Their homes enwrapt in hate-enkindled flames.
The fearful tale the cruel savage shames.
Manheim and Heidelberg, and Worms and Spires,
Hamlets and towns unite their baleful fires,
The funeral pyres of a country's hopes and weal.
The burning timbers fall with crash and peal;
The rising clouds of smoke, diffused by breath

Of winds, hang o'er the land like pall of death,
Which hides, by day, the weeping sun from sight;
And all-consuming flames illume the night
With horrid glare. And from the earth arise,
Unceasingly, the prayers and wails and cries
Of suffering, heart-broken fugitives;
But no relief the icy winter gives.
Loud ring o'er all th' infuriated yells
Of demons reveling in horror's spells.
The rolling river, plaining, whirls and groans
In pity over towns' dismembered stones;
The roaring blasts of frozen winter shriek
With horror at the sacrilegious freak
Of jeering, drunken soldiery, who hurl
The dust of emperors into their whirl,
Untombed from where for centuries they lay
In honored consecration. Night and day
Are stained by brutal actions. Far and near
Destruction ceases not. With shout and jeer
The maddened hordes add to their cumbering spoil
The products of the humble peasant's toil.
The cot and palace share a common fate.
The vine-clad hills, to satisfy their hate,
Are stripped of their now leafless ornaments.

No longer shall their fruits yield rich contents
Of sparkling juices. Nothing good is spared,
And all the land is dark and drear and bared.

The seer bewailed no scene more desolate,
Lamenting sadly o'er his country's fate
And bitter ruin. God's hand smote the might
Of Egypt to effect his chosen's flight,
But now his terrors in their power descend
Upon his children, who had sought a friend.
No promised land, attractive goal, revealed,
Cheers them across the storm-swept field;
No hand, apparently, directs their flight,
No pillared cloud by day, nor fire by night.
No miracle assuages winter's blasts,
And plenteous manna to the wanderers casts.
O, whither in their sorrow shall they turn?
Their wearied, fainting hearts within them burn.
How can they turn away from Father-land?
What hand will guide them to a stranger strand?
The winds of winter in their ravings wild
Are laden with the wails of freezing child
And starving mother. Sad, sad sight they form,
Proceeding 'mid the fury of the storm.

When Night o'erhangs her starry canopy,
Enwrapt in snows of virgin purity,
They huddled lie upon the frozen earth. [dearth
And hushed are wails and prayers and groans, from
Of power to give them utterance.

In love kind Holland opened wide her doors,
Dividing without stint her frugal stores
With tears of sympathy. O, Charity,
Thou fairest sister of the heavenly three!
Thou art warm sunlight that dispels the gloom
Of weary hearts; alleviates the doom
Of lonely captives; eases soft the bed
Of dying mortals. Thou strewest o'er the dead
Sweet-scented flowers. Thou art a silent voice
That bids the mournful, bruised heart rejoice;
Sweet spirit that o'erlooks the faults of men
And sees but Eden's graces bloom again;
The highest attribute of God above,
Celestial beings carol, God is love,
In pleasing symphonies. 'Twas Justice stern
Imposed the curse, but Thou hast brought return
Of Heaven's sweet communion; oped the gates
Anew to lasting joys, where shining waits

Man's crown of glory. Thou 'twas, Charity,
That caused the deaf to hear, the blind to see,
That bade the entombed dead to life arise,
And drew the tear-drops from our Saviour's eyes.
When reigning only sovereign of the heart,
Ideas widen and mean thoughts depart;
A mint, exhaustless as the widow's cruse,
The store increasing as the gifts diffuse,
Takes place of want; content and joy abide,
Like summer's smile or like a happy bride,
To make life gladsome. Holland, thanks to thee
I offer. Once the mighty mistress of the sea,
The home of Wealth and Science and of Art,
Thou, too, hast learned earth's glory can depart.
But though, indeed, unfortunate,
The noble attributes that elevate
Thou hast not lost; religious piety,
The love that binds mankind in unity,
And man to God in harmony complete,
That brings to man his highest end, replete
With untold bliss; true manhood, frugal thrift,
And true benevolence, God's greatest gift
To man redeemed; all these are thine,
O land, contented with thy lot benign.

It was not from an o'erabundant store
Thou did'st supply their wants when stricken sore,
And gavest refuge to the exiled host;
It was thy tender heart, o'erflowing most
With human kindness and benevolence,
That did all this without a recompense.
Thou art resplendent with thy glories, bright
As e'er aurora in the northern night;
But not the least among thy deeds will shine,
When luminated by the light divine,
This, thy disinterested charity.
O, can we now, or e'er, return to thee
Sufficient thanks! It is not yet forgot.
Enjoying now in peace a happier lot,
In gratitude their children yet shall rise
And bless thee for thy noble sacrifice!

Amid the lowlands of the Rhine they rest,
Where fertile fields, in richest verdure dressed,
Delight the eye. 'Mid cheering scenes of peace,
The frightful visions of dark horror cease,
Again their hearts with gentle pulses beat,
And slowly frighted eyes dismiss the heat
And start of terror and regain the soft

And gentle glow of peace. They look aloft
And bless their God for goodness such as this.
Ofttimes they weep for Father-land, and kiss
Mementos they've retained, and thither turn
As if to view the land for which they yearn.
Their children play around the stranger's door,
And wail from pain and cry for bread no more.
New hopes arise when trust and hope seemed gone,
They seek a refuge and a lasting one.
And thou, most gracious Queen, superb in reign,
The power supreme o'er England's vast domain,
Not in thy stately court's magnificence
Did'st thou forget deeds of beneficence!
To thee I bring my tributary praise,
Such as the humble poet sings in lays,
Unknown and simple. Anne, gentlest queen,
What greater can I sing, than that 'mid sheen
Of earthly splendor thou did'st e'er remain
True woman; and what glory to attain
Surpasses this? Thy lovely deeds shall shine
Upon the crown imposed by hands divine,
Within our Father's royal heritage,
More brilliant than upon this earthly stage,

The jewels of thy crown corruptible.
Thy love won thee a love reciprocal.
By thee invited, came from Holland's shores
Our fathers—far too many for the stores
Of rich and bounteous Britain. Great, indeed.
Must then have been their misery and need
When camped near London—ragged multitude,
To rouse within the forest monarch rude
The feelings of compassion. Man is man,
O'er all the world, made on the self-same plan;
The plan, by time and circumstance obscured,
Still bears resembling marks, through time endured.
Without control, love, pity, envy, hate,
Within th' untutored savage dissipate,
Within the nations duly ethicized,
They fabricate a glorious end devised.
All speak a common origin, and all
Respond, unequal, to the self-same call.
The cultured Louis' lust and pride and hate
Laid all their happy country desolate;
The dusky Indian-monarch's pity gave
A promised land beyond the western wave.
Thanks to Queen Anne's bounty opportune,
Full many could accept the proffered boon,

Glad, glad to seek beyond the ocean's foam,
Elsewhere denied, a country and a home.

Month after month tossed on th' Atlantic's breast,
Full many a weary exile found his rest.
At last, far down below the troubled waves
They sleep in peace in ocean's unknown caves,
And wait until the resurrection morn
Calls them to life, with Gabriel's wakening horn.
Then will they rise with joy to their reward.
They find more fitting rest than 'neath the sward,
The waves are emblems of their troubled lot,
Their rest below, of rest that endeth not.

Arrived, the weary pilgrims find,
Alas! no welcome greeting, warm and kind,
No sympathy for all their loss and wrong,
For they are children of a foreign tongue.
Repelled by all who should have been their friends,
Despair with hope within their breasts contends.
Heart-worn they kneel upon that stranger shore,
And shed more bitter tears than e'er before.
Their cup of tribulation overflows,
And disappointment deepens all their woes.

O, who could wish to tell the cruel tale?
The heart would faint, the ruddy cheek grow pale.
And is the creature man, whom God called good,
Degraded thus! lacks he all gratitude!
Repelled and driven to the forests wild,
Their abject poverty and tears reviled;
Schoharie's forest children proved more kind,
More faithful to the bonds that bind
Mankind in sympathy, they opened wide
Their hearts, and refuge by their kin denied
Was freely given. The exiles they received,
And wants, from their own scanty store, relieved.
They taught the starving wand'rers seek for food
Amid the fields' and forests' plenitude.
The strangers battled well with want and woe,
And soon their settlements began to grow.
Amid the forests fruitful gardens smiled,
And hopes and joys their hearts again beguiled.

But envy cruelly allowed them not
Enjoyment of that lovely, toil-won spot.
Again submissive to God's mighty hand,
They sought with heavy hearts a better land.
The good results of Indian charities

Were sacrificed to heartless avarice.
Embarked, at last, on rude-constructed rafts,
The Susquehanna's current slowly wafts
Them on through lovely regions, which invite
The toil of husbandmen. The pleasing sight
Soon dries their weeping eyes. Fair Nature's smiles
Reveal to them the love of God. The wiles
And cruelty of men are soon forgot,
As now the prospect fairer grows. Their lot,
Their fount of faith and praise, a treasure vast,
Has not embittered. Far away extend
Luxuriant forests, rich and flowery meads,
On which the untamed herd, unnumbered, feeds.
The quiet air refreshing vigor holds.
Sweet views of plenteous peace the scene unfolds,
And wakens tender longings in their hearts.
The stately deer, astonished, scarcely starts
At the unwonted sight, as slowly sweeps
The varied company past where he keeps
His careful vigils o'er his progeny.
When sweet Swatara's wooded banks they see,
Their hearts rejoice. The scene extended wide—
A paradise, it seems—bids them abide.
Delighted now they upward bend their course,

Scarce hindered by the limpid current's force.
They gaze enraptured on the lovely scene.
The earth is clothed in vegetation green,
More beautiful than ere their eyes beheld.
And soon by hymns of praise are breezes swelled
With heartfelt strains. Then, kneeling in the shade
Of stately trees in gorgeous robes arrayed,
They poured their hearts in gratitude to God.
And, ranged in groups upon the moss-grown sod,
Their minds reverted to the past, and through
Its varied scenes they pass in sad review:
Converse about those still in Germany
And Holland, and of those beneath the sea,
At rest, and of the future, still concealed,
And of the paradise to them revealed.
They take new courage from the beauty spread
Around them, and the life, and lose their dread
Of life's vicissitudes. Great Weiser, thou
Wast there, and though around thy noble brow
Fame has entwined no wreath of glory bright,
Yet thou art not the least 'mongst those we write
As greatest in our country's history!
In thee true softness blends harmoniously
With manly courage; wisdom sweetly meets

Simplicity, and treachery retreats
Before thy stern integrity. True friend
Of right, thou wast e'er ready to defend
The trusting Red Man 'gainst the cunning art
Of avarice. Thy honor takes its heart
From Christian virtue. Grateful thanks to thee,
The Red and White in glad fraternity
Were joined, the country saved from scenes of blood.
Brave warrior, faithful friend! thy mem'ries flood
The hearts of many with a grateful love.

The exiles felt the Mighty Eye above
Had led them there, although unseen, and there
They made their home. Their kindred, scattered where
The hand of fate or chance had led, in time
All gathered here; and soon their hymns sublime
Were heard from rolling Delaware to where
The Alleghanies cleave the liquid air,
And Poverty and Prejudice in vain
Against the weary pilgrims long maintain
A bitter strife. There yet are tasks undone
And tears unshed; their refuge must be won.
The love that could not rob the native lords,
But purchased with *extravagant* rewards

The sylvan land of Penn, with all its glow,
Possessed not yet so broad and deep a flow
That it could overleap the lofty bounds
Of blinding prejudice, that oft confounds
The plans of good philanthropists. The lands
Could not be sold to needy German bands;
But frugal thrift and honesty, combined,
Won all denied by fellow-men unkind.
Surrounded by that living bulwark strong,
In calm orations, elegant and long,
The Quaker could preach peace, and never dread
The Indian war-whoop in his peaceful bed.
But yet, poor people, they were ignorant,
Because not masters—'twas unlucky, grant—
Of good old English. Yet, though wise o'ermuch,
Good English people, you could not speak Dutch!
As for petitions in the Latin tongue,
They were, in sooth, so very strange and long
That all your wisdom could not comprehend,
Such heathenish lore you never could befriend.

The land was theirs, reserved by Providence,
And won in spite of scorn and violence.
An unseen hand, through darkness, toil, and woe,

Had led them where its verdant beauties glow
A land of promise far more rich and fair
Than Palestine, enwreathed with balmy air.
Acknowledging the goodness of the Lord,
They used their Bibles as their shield and sword.
In gratitude they prayed and tilled the soil,
Proud to be called the sons of honest toil.
The forests fell before their sturdy stroke,
And light upon the wildness sweetly broke.
Forgetting not the lessons they had learned, [yearned;
They prized the freedom which their hearts had
No shackles e'er they placed on fellow-men,
And lovely Tolerance was triumphant then.
Unharmed, the witches plied their wicked arts,
Fanaticism ne'er inflamed their hearts.
Mild Quakers were allowed to speak and sing,
In freedom, of th' eternal Lord and King;
Not robbed of their good implements of speech,
Because, forsooth, they did not like to preach.
Prosperity has blessed their faith and toil,
In peace their sons still occupy the soil.
Their trials have subdued their fathers' mirth,
For sorrow gave their spirits newer birth.
Still noted for their patient industry,

Still faithful to their God and Liberty,
Columbia has no truer sons in all
Her wide domain. Obedient to the call,
They followed Washington, and at his side
Withstood the fiery battle's rolling tide,
Enduring cold and hunger in defense
Of liberty. Throughout that long suspense
Of Revolutionary strife, they gave
Their treasure freely, adding counsel grave.
Monmouth and Trenton saw their glories shine,
Still glow at Yorktown and at Brandywine
Their deeds of valor. And at Valley Forge
Their prayers joined those of royal, sainted George.
The preacher-soldier's fame has oft been sung,
And long and loud are glowing praises rung
Of gifted Muhlenberg.

When war's alarm
Again its terrors spread o'er town and farm,
And, fiercely menacing the nation's life,
Arose the dreadful fratricidal strife,
The first to gather round the Stars of Light,
And keep our banner's radiant streamings bright,
Were sons of fathers from the German Rhine.

Their willing numbers swelled the growing line.
In town and city, mountain, plain, and glen
Were heard the heavy tread of marching men.
The gray-haired sire and slender, ardent youth
Marched in that army strong for Right and Truth.
Their bones are bleaching by Potomac's tide,
Along bold Lookout's rocky, storm-swept side,
In lonely nooks within the Wilderness,
And where the Shenandoah's wavelets press;
Where Chickamauga saw fierce legions hurled,
And thundering Gettysburg convulsed the world;
On the Peninsula, blood-drenched, and where
The Kenesaw uplifts its summit bare.
'Mid clashing hosts they fought and bled like men,
And died like heroes in the prison pen.
Forever loyal they increase our might,
Their speech is strange, but yet their hearts are right.

No land in this wide world with theirs compares;
The blood that flowed through Goethe's veins is theirs;
A slow transition to another tongue
Entails its incompleteness and its wrong;
But fully once accomplished, then, at length,
Their German nature will assert its strength,

Its majesty, all glorified by thought
More free and wider scope than ere this wrought
Its prodigies. 'Tis destined by God's hand
To strongly mold the future of our land.
Both song and painting yet will grandly rise,
Revealing mysteries to gladdened eyes.
Philosophy will wider, higher soar
Than e'er its boldest flights attained before;
And, guided by a purer, brighter light,
Dispel the darkness from imperfect sight.
Now sweetly dawns a greater, fairer day,
A Nevin and Rothermel have paved the way,
And Harbaugh—rev'rently I speak the name.
Pathetic sweetness thy rich music came,
It taught us all the wealth of German hearts,
Their rich affections free from shallow arts,
Their fond attachments formed for hearth and home,
And glorious hope where angels ever roam.
The strings are torn, the harp is laid away,
The moss and ivy cover its decay;
But echoes sweetly linger round us still,
And still its simple strains our heart-strings thrill.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

SPIRIT-CHORUS.

(From Faust.)

Vanish, clouds vaulted
Darkly above us!
Charmingly glimmer
Friendly blue shimmer,
Ether divine!
Oh! that the darkling
Clouds were dissolving!
Starlets are sparkling,
Suns, just evolving,
More mildly shine.
Heaven's own races'
Spiritual graces,
Waveringly bending,
Now hover o'er us,
Yearnings unending
Follow before us.
Rich garments gleaming,
In ribands streaming,
Render lands beaming;
Cover the bower,
Where (both delighted,

Thoughtful, undoubting),
True love is plighted.
Bower on bower!
Trailing vines sprouting!
Grapes in a shower
In the press rushing,
Yield to its crushing.
Wines gush in streamlets
Foaming and dashing,
Purling and splashing,
Through jewels flashing;
Highlands forsaking,
Hills that confined them,
Wider paths taking,
They leave behind them
For sea's embraces.
And the winged races,
Drinking rich pleasures
From the sun's treasures,
Fly where entrancing,
With the waves' motion
Islands are dancing
Bright on the ocean.
Jubilant chorus,

Their songs peal o'er us;
We see them tripping,
Whirling and skipping,
As they, a free band,
Roam o'er the lea-land.
Some are heights scaling
Bold in their motion,
Others are sailing
On the calm ocean;
Some soar untiring,
Life all inspiring;
All seek the distance
Where sweetly glistens
Love's beaming star.

THE COLOR-SERGEANT.

The war had begun, and the summons went forth,
It thrilled ev'ry heart throughout the great North,
It sped o'er the plain, through mountain and glen,
It harrowed the women, it roused up the men;
"Our flag is torn down and Fort Sumter is lost,
Come forth! all ye heroes, and reck not the cost."

Of all the brave boys, then, whose blood mantled high,
At thought that the traitors that flag should defy,
In all the wide land, not a braver was found,
Than the sturdy young blacksmith of Liberty Mound.
His mother was old, and his sweetheart was fair,
To whom he could leave them was his anxious care.

The pride of that mother within her was stirred,
On hearing the rebel's bold, insolent word.
"Go, son! the Lord bless you!" the good woman cried,
"Go, fight for your country! the Lord will provide.
And though my heart bleed, the treasure is given
To God and my country, guard it, O Heaven!"

But how could he part from her he held dear,
Who was to be his at the end of the year?
Would she, like his mother, give him her consent,
And bid him God-speed, nor cause him repent
The noble resolve which his spirit gave birth,
To fight for his country, the pride of the earth?

He went to her cottage, he stepped to her side,
He stammered the words his tongue near denied.
Like lightning's quick flash in a clear, cloudless sky,

Her fair face was flushed, and brightened her eye,
Then pale as the bosom that throbbed against his.
Who ever saw love that was stronger than this?

Her feelings welled up so she scarcely could speak,
And tear-drops like pearls trickled down on her cheek.
With one mighty effort herself to compose,
Her eyes flashed with light, her form proudly rose.
"America's sons love their land, all confess,
America's daughters love it no less."

"Your mother gave up her fond all and her pride,
No less can I do, whate'er may betide;
And while you are fighting on fields far away,
Remember, dear Henry, at home we will pray
That God will protect the land we hold dear,
And to our brave soldiers let angels be near."

So tall was his stature, so sturdy his form,
Like tree of the forest that laughs at the storm;
So gallant his bearing, so manly his tread,
Of all the brave band, he sure must be head,
And bear the gay banner, the good and the true,
The "Stars and the Stripes," the "Red, White, and Blue."

In many a fight by him it was borne,
Its staff became shattered, its folds they were torn.
In every battle its stars shone on high,
The joy of the warrior's glistening eye;
And never, not once, was there cause to regret
The deeds of its bearer when foemen were met.

And oft in his dreams and in thought would he roam,
To the dear little cottage and loved ones at home;
And sights of the future would steal o'er his mind,
Sweet visions of bliss with those left behind,
When war's desolation and turmoil should cease,
And swords be exchanged for the pursuits of peace.

Already in fancy his home he could see,
Sweet Jennie, the housewife, a child on his knee,
An elderly matron with joy on her face,
With knitting and cheer the home-circle grace.
Alas! for the soldier, it never came true,
For he was to die for the "Red, White, and Blue."

The battle was fierce, it continued till night,
And many a hero fell in the fight.
The smoke of the fray scarce had rolled from the plain,

When rose the pale moon to look down on the slain.
Her beams lit the brow of a brave, wounded youth,
And softly they seemed his suff'rings to soothe.

One hand clasped a lock of bright, golden hair,
The other a star of his flag held in air;
He longingly turned to his home at the North,
And smiled as his emblems of love he held forth.
"Dear Jennie," he moaned,—"Mother"—"Father in heaven,"–
His soul took its flight to the home whence twas given.

CUPID AND THE PARSON.

One May-day little Cupid tripped
Into a blooming lily;
Deep in its cup the rascal slipped,—
The woodland air was chilly,—
For he had formed a wicked plan,
It was not theft or arson,
It was to wound a bachelor man,
The pious village parson.

He listened, winked, and stood upright
Soon as he heard him coming;
Full length he drew, and in its flight
He sent the arrow humming.
As airily it flew as when
He rent the heart of Pluto;
But, ah! it bounded back again,
Though seldom will it do so.

The sable coat proved sure defense,
Although the shot was skillful;
And raved and wept with rage intense,
The little urchin willful.
At his chagrin the flowers laughed,
And then by Styx he swore it,
That he, who so withstood his shaft,
Should wofully deplore it.

The rogue new pointed ev'ry dart
With many a grin malicious;
He pierced each village maiden's heart
With bow-shot strong and vicious.
And now the parson loses weight,
And gray his locks are turning;
He mentions oft the pearly gate,
And rest from toil and yearning.

A NIGHT OF PRAYER.

At glance of setting sun the hill-tops smile,
The sea below is turned to liquid gold.
A man withdraws from human toil and guile,
With form and mien of graces never told.

Towards the distant hills his way he winds,
'Long lonely paths, with thoughtful step and slow.
At length an unfrequented nook he finds,
And, turning, gazes on the scene below.

Some time he stands in silent majesty,
His clustered locks by parting light are crowned
With radiant glory, pure and heavenly;
To silence awed all nature is around.

The evening shadows gather o'er the earth,
The starry host is marshaled in the sky;
The weary boatmen's songs of joyous mirth
Peal forth, as home their wingèd barges fly.

The city, loaded with its guilt and crime,
Soon sinks to rest. The noises of the day

Yield to the balm of nature's resting-time,
Except where revelry prolongs their stay.

And soon e'en this is hushed, and stillness reigns,
Save when some solitary night-bird's song
The solemn silence breaks with mournful strains,
Or Roman guardsman gives his greetings tongue.

But still he lingers on the mountain side,
And, ah! with eyes turned to the depths above,
While down his cheeks the tear-drops freely glide,
Atoning dews distilled by heavenly love.

More like a god than man the stranger seems,
So noble do his face and form appear;
And yet the sin-stained city, wrapped in dreams,
Affords no other penitential tear.

Till dawn of day his earnest prayers ascend
To God above, and nature only feels
How terribly the sins of mankind rend
The heart of Christ, who on her bosom kneels.

SOLILOQUY ON A LEAF.

Charmed by a dancing brook's sweet melody,
I seated me upon a bank to rest.
A leaf upon its tide tossed ruthlessly,
Like bark upon a raging sea distressed,
Came floating past; and, by strange fancy pressed,
I seized it from the rushing, cruel stream;
The sparkling drops it fondly still caressed
I slowly brushed away, as in a dream.
Its tinted face reflected sunlight's ev'ry beam.

My soul, in sympathy with solitude,
Straight 'gan to muse upon the tiny thing:
"O, little leaf, by fortune's fickle mood
Brought here to me, who humbly sing,
Unknown to fame, strange thoughts you raise to wing.
Unlike myself, and yet how like you are.
A view reflective of myself you bring,
Though faint and incomplete, as I afar
Reflect the life of Him who guides the wandering star.

"Both share a part in Nature's varied plan,
In form symmetric both, and all complete

In organs for our functions formed. As man
A will to me is given, and reason meet,
To you denied; and yet, O leaf, you greet
The light of Heaven with eager, anxious face,
While I, created for communion sweet
With my Creator, do myself debase,
Rejoice in guilt, and spurn Religion's kind embrace.

"In spring, when tender first we come to light,
How lade with joy and promise all appears!
Parental care and balmy airs from sight
Conceal the coming change and toil that sears.
Unspotted, clear, and pure, as summer nears,
Unhindered, free, life through our bodies flows;
But soon sad mishap, with pernicious blight,
The beauty mars, and more offensive grows,
As time and growth each new development disclose.

"When summer comes the early tenderness
Is lost in fixèd form of life mature.
Possessed of firmness more and beauty less,
Fierce storm or withering drought we can endure.
Less yielding now, and in ourselves secure,
All influences we stubbornly withstand,

Save such as silently, to ban or bless,
Upon us steal, as when, with sword in hand,
The sentry, charmed, enticed is from his trusting band.

"But when the chilling frosts of autumn come
Material gross commences to decay;
Then Heaven's light through frames of matter dumb
Appears, increasing with effulgent ray.
More glorious far departing is than day
Of our nativity. But is it o'er
When you from mortal eyes have died away?
Ah, no; component parts like spirits soar,
Obedient still, and naught is lost to Nature's store.

"My limbs more wisdom show, in structure fine
My body whole, ten thousand times than you;
Such grace, such harmony, such high design!
These but the house, the servants *I* subdue,
The *I* inseparable, the spirit true,
The *I* that Nature serves with all her powers,
That reads her mysteries obscure and mine,
And, not content, surveys high heaven's towers:
This cannot die, 'twill occupy celestial bowers!"

THE PRISONER'S RELEASE.

In a dark and dreary dungeon
Lies a captive worn and old.
Years have passed since fate consigned him
To that cell, so damp and cold.

Years they were of disappointment,
Years of terror, pain, and woe;
Years made up of leaden moments
Passing drearily and slow.

Void were they of joy or solace,
Like a dream they passed away;
Like a dream so dread and horrid
They dethroned high reason's sway.

Clanking chains and jailer's footsteps
Mingled with his mournful groans:
These alone disturb the silence,
Unrelieved by love's soft tones.

But a change comes o'er the captive.
Fetters, straw, confining walls

Now melt from his fainting vision,
Like the night when sunlight falls.

Brighter, ever brighter gleaming,
Through the crevice which for years
Held his gaze, as by enchantment,
Streaming now the light appears.

See! he starts to grasp its glory,
Arms outstretched and joyous face,
Bright again the sunken eyeballs,
As he reaches to embrace.

Soon the wasted form sinks slowly,
Death has set the captive free;
And the spirit, unencumbered,
Lives in immortality.

THE MINSTREL'S CURSE.

(From the German.)

Long years ago a castle stood lofty and sublime,
Far shone it o'er the landscape to where the blue waves climb;
And round it wreathed a garden of flowers sweet and bright,
Within flashed limpid fountains in rainbow hues of light.

There sat a monarch, haughty through lands and triumphs grown;
So pale and darkly frowning he sat upon his throne:
For all his thoughts were terrors, and all his glances rage,
The words he spoke were lashes, blood was his written page.

Once journeyed to this castle a noble minstrel-pair,
The one with locks all golden, the other gray of hair:
And with his harp, the sire sat on a handsome steed,
Beside him strode his comrade, with brisk and youthful speed.

The sire addressed the stripling—"Now be prepared, my son!
Discourse our deepest ballads with fullest tones begun;
And summon all your powers, deep joy and piercing smart,
To-day it doth concern us to melt the monarch's heart."

Within the hall, high-pillared, the minstrels both now stand,
Enthroned, the king is seated, his royal spouse at hand;
The king, in fearful splendor, like northern light of blood,
The queen as sweet and gentle as moonlight's silvery flood.

The chords then struck the sire, he struck them wondrous clear,
That rich, and ever richer the sounds swelled on the ear;
In streams of heavenly clearness the stripling's accents rung,
Like distant spirit-chorus between the old man's song.

They sing of love and spring-tide, a happy, golden time,
Of freedom and of valor, of truth and holy prime;
They sing of all things pleasant, that thrill the hearts of men,
They sing of all things lofty, that raise men's souls again.

The circling throng of courtiers forget each jest and frown,
The king's defiant warriors before their God bow down;
The queen, dissolved in pleasure, with tender pain oppressed,
Casts down before the minstrels the roses from her breast.

"You have seduced my people, allure you now, my queen!"
Cries out the monarch, raging, his body shakes with spleen.
He hurls his sword—it pierces the youth's breast with a gleam;
Thence, 'stead of golden ballads, spurts forth a bloody stream.

The list'ning crowd is scattered, as if before the blast,
And in his sire's embraces, the stripling breathes his last.
The old man cloaks and binds him erect upon his horse,
Then turns he from the castle beside the bloody corse.

Yet halts the aged minstrel before the court-yard door,
His harp then grasps he firmly, such harp we'll ne'er see more,
Around a marble pillar its shattered fragments fall,
And then his curse rings dreadful through garden and through [hall:

"Woe, woe to you, proud castle! may ne'er again your halls
Send notes of song or harp-string back sweetly from their walls,
But echo sighs forever, and groans and steps of slaves,
Till o'er your mould and ashes th' avenging spirit raves.

"Woe, woe to you, sweet gardens! in lovely light of May,
These death-disfigured features I here to you display,
That you thereat may wither, and every fountain dry,
That you forever after may waste and stony lie.

"Woe, woe to you, base murderer! curse of the minstrel name,
In vain be all your striving for wreathes of bloody fame,
Your name be e'er forgotten, eternal darkness share,
And like the groan of dying, be lost in empty air."

The minstrel has invoked it, the heavens sealed the vow,
And low the walls are lying, the halls are ruins now,
One lone and broken pillar, their vanished splendor tells,
And that may fall ere morning the shades of night dispels.

Instead of fragrant gardens, there now is heather-land,
No tree sends forth its shadows, no fount wells through the sand;
No song tells of the monarch, no book of epic verse;—
Departed and forgotten! this is the minstrel's curse.

DEATH OF LOUIS XV.

My theme is death, forbidding death;
I speak the words with bated breath:
Not such as on the gory field
Triumphant bids the warrior yield,
Whose patriotic spirit scorns
The death a grateful country mourns,
Who for that country fights and dies,
A noble, willing sacrifice.
Nor such as ends a life well done,
A race with circumspection run;
A breath that wafts the spirit o'er,
Rejoicing, to th' eternal shore;
As when believer lays his head
With quiet faith on dying bed,
And loved ones gather at his side
To watch the ebbing, failing tide,
To ease the pilgrim's dying pain,
His parting spirit to sustain.
I fain would dwell on scenes like this,
The flowing tear, the parting kiss;
Though sad, yet such a bliss is there
As only angels can declare.

A theme more dark by far is mine,
Who, shudd'ring, pen each horrid line.
I sing of death, grim, horrid death,
Dark angel's blasting, withering breath:
A death without one shining ray
To light the traveler on his way.

'Tis midnight, and deep darkness veils
The Eden beauties of Versailles;
A woman she her beauties rare
Hides from the common, vulgar stare,
And veils her face from painful scene,
The death of lord once great, now mean.
To all impressive silence lent,
Such as precedes some great event,
When men, in spite of effort strong,
To feelings pent cannot give tongue.
In fair Trianon's gilded hall,
Luxurious, rich with pictured wall,
Upon a couch of eider-down
Lies he whose head just wore a crown
Aghast, I look—O, can it be!
Poor semblance of humanity,
The mighty king is brought thus low?

None lower in the land I trow.
Is this the monarch, mighty, great,
Who yields to none in high estate?
Licentious slave of Pompadour,
Du Barry's willing paramour?
Is't he who led the merry court
In lively jest and sensuous sport?
But yesterday, with power arrayed,
A thousand courtiers homage paid,
And all the land of sunny France
Was subject to his royal glance,
And beauty fawned with fond delight,
And captive led the monarch's might,
His seeming slave, his toy and pride,
Embarked on fortune's smiling tide;
But, ah! at last has fortune changed,
And all the scenes are rearranged.
Scarce as a man can he be known
Who meets his fate all, all alone.
All swollen and disfigured, he
Resembles scarce humanity.
O, where is now the courtly throng?
The rich-gemmed beauties tarry long.
They cannot spare one moment now

To wipe the death-damp from his brow.
To soothe him in his agony,
And watch till body, soul are free.
Not one kind friend he now can claim,
No one who dreads his royal name;
Nor child nor kindred gather near
To ease his awful, chilling fear.
No priest to shrive his soul is there,
No nun to aid with kindly prayer;
In neighboring room two beldams wait,—
A poor exchange for beauty's state.
The dreaded foe who claims his life,
He meets ill-armored for the strife.
How frightful 'tis to meet him where
Remorse alone can e'er repair
To him who reared this grand abode,
And with licentious love bestowed
On her, the flashing, favored fair,
Who dazzled him with charms so rare.
One taper in the casement burns,
To it the sufferer often turns,
Nor dreams he of the part it plays
On this, the closing of his days.
Soon fails the dying monarch's breath:

So slowly fails, it scarce seems death.
A bell near by the hour now tells,
Its solemn tones the night air swells.
The half-closed eyes affrighted roll,
And speak the terrors of the soul;
But soon 'tis o'er, the pathway trod,
And Louis stands before his God.
The taper's flame has sunk so low
The room scarce feels its fainting glow;
The slightest breath soon puts it out,
The signal for tumultuous rout.
For hark! what wakes the silent night,
What clattering hoofs in rapid flight?
The swift-wheeled carriages convey
Their owners their respects to pay
To those who now the power will wield
O'er brilliant city, pleasant field,
O'er all fair France's wide domain,
The heirs to an unhappy reign.
The night impatience can't repress,
Scarce time allowed for fitting dress,
They speed away, o'er hill and dale,
Ere morning breaks the misty veil:
The coronation must be done

Before the setting of the sun;
The coronation's festal joys
Shall drown all sounds of mournful noise.

The dawn of that eventful day
Still finds the party on its way.
The royal heirs are filled with grief:
The merry troop soon give relief.
The sun no sooner drinks the dew
Than signs of mourning pass from view;
Than joyous laughter drinks the tears
So sad repaid in after years.

BRIDGE OF LODI.

The splendor of the setting sun
Shines on a rare display;
The pride of France, all marshaled stands
In battle's stern array;
Beyond the Adda's rolling stream,
The Austrian's burnished weapons gleam.

Full thirty Austrian cannon frown
On Lodi's narrow bridge,

And Austrian soldiers occupy
Each advantageous ridge.
'Twere death to face their iron hail,
To try the bridge were but to fail.

And many a brave commander's heart
Is filled with gloomy doubt,
And many a well-tried hero fears
A wild and bloody rout.
The belching cannon cease their roar,
And silence reigns on Adda's shore.

The leader's voice rings loud and clear.
"To Rome, there lies the way
To Italy's possessions fair,
We cross, cost what it may!
The Adda's tributary flow
Shall not stop the heroes of the Po."

The brave Beaumont, in gallant style
Has crossed the dashing tide,
And waits in solid columns formed
Upon the other side.
A cheer now rends the flaming sky,
And brightly gleams each warrior's eye.

The bugles sound in ringing notes
The signal for the fray,
The banners wave, and eagles flash
In the parting light of day.
One ringing cheer and on they go,
One "Vive la France," death to the foe!

With rapid march and steady rank,
They forward quick advance;
No thought now thrills the soldier's heart,
But glory and fair France.
They reach the bridge, they charge right o'er
Upon the guns on the other shore.

One fierce discharge, and battle-smoke
Enwreathes the charging brave;
Their life-blood tinges deep
The river's frighted wave.
The cannon thunders roar and flash,
And through the ranks their death-bolts crash.

They halt! they waver! back recoil
With broken, shattered ranks;
That iron storm has swept them back

From Adda's corpse-strewn banks;
But eagles still gleam through the smoke,
And still resounds the battle-stroke.

Napoleon rushes to the front,
Then Lanne and brave Dupas,
Cervoni follows, and Dallemagne,
Berthier and Massena;
Again they charge with hearty shout,
To victory turn the threatened rout.

Beyond the bridge, through murderous fire,
The tri-color now appears,
And Austrian death-groans mingle with
The Frenchman's victor cheers.
The battle's o'er, the victory won,
All honor to Napoleon.

THE MAIDEN AND HER LOVER.

A MAIDEN fair and her lover stood
Where orioles gayly fluttered;
Long, long they stood in the bright greenwood,
And rare were the words they uttered.

They whispered softly of hope and love,
She shunned not his warm caresses,
And flowers as blue as the skies above
He bound in her flowing tresses.

But duskier maids deck the lover's grave,
Where surging seas chant forever,
In a far-off land which he died to save,
His true love will greet him never.

She oft resorts to the woodland where
Their troth was forever plighted,
And sad and sweet do the dreams come there,
But aye, her young life is blighted.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF A FRIEND.

A MIDNIGHT cloud from Heaven descended,
And we could not pierce its dreary gloom;
And all our hopes and joys seemed ended,
Sorrow gave no consolation room.

Death summoned forth our loved and dearest,
Death, the angel dreaded most of men.

"When night's darkest, Heaven's nearest"
Could afford to us no comfort then.

But *her* clear vision—sight inspiring!—
Saw the radiance of the heavenly land,
And straight her spirit caught the quiring
Of the angels waiting on the strand.

And echoing that music's sweetness,
Clear "I would not live alway" on earth
Revealed the raptured soul's completeness,
"Nearer God" proclaimed its heavenly birth.

Her soul's departure, oh how glorious!
Entering with song her Father's home.
A faithful life, a death victorious,
Freedom heaven's golden plains to roam!

She left us just when life adorning,
But earth's fairest flowers soonest fade;
We'll patient wait until the morning,
Till we meet in heavenly robes arrayed.

Sweet hope from her transition gleaning,
"I, the resurrection and the life"
Conveys to us a fuller meaning,
Guides us through life's sorrows, toil, and strife.

THE POET EVER RESTLESS.

The Poet wandered o'er the earth
Far from his native land,
He traversed northern fields of dearth,
The sunny clime of Spring-time's birth,
And dreary wastes of sand.
He sought both hall and peasant's cot,
The city's life and lonely spot,
Where men throng most, where they're forgot,
But rest his soul found not.

His heart was light, and spirit gay,
As lover's is when buds the May,
'Mid Beauty's throngs, at Beauty's glance;
And warm his young blood throbbed and gushed,
Where solemn notes of life are hushed,
In whirling mazes of the dance.
He tipped the glass
With merry mates,
What time the nights are never long,
But swiftly pass,
And from her gates
The morning breaks,

The noise of day-time briskly wakes,
And hushes jest and song.
He tipped the glass and blithely sang,
Till hall and bower with echoes rang.
And lovely maidens sought his side,
But none sought he to be his bride.
With lovely maids he time beguiled,
For he was fancy's heedless child,
Untamed and wild.
Bright flowers he plucked and scattered free,
But no repose of soul had he.

His heart was awed, and slowed his tread,
In pillared halls where slept the dead,
Who gave the power and light to ages;
And wierdly sweet the deep notes welled
From well-tuned chords within that swelled
To touches of the solemn spell
That fills the spot where silent dwell
The earth's departed kings and sages.

He heard the eloquence of men
Upon whose lips dependent hung,
E'en far beyond all mortal ken,

The fate of nations and man's destiny.
In him their words found sympathy,
And long he clung
To each awakened thought and feeling.
Each hour
His soul imbibed ambition's pride,
Begot of man's great power;
And through his life came stealing,
Like tide on tide,
Deep-swollen and wide,
A rich and richer strain
Of love for human kind.
Great truths grew plain.
In glad refrain,
To brilliant flashes of the mind,
His heart vibrated,
His mind dilated,
In tuneful harmony.

On battle-fields which shook the world,
Where legions unto death were hurled,
His soul took fire,
With eager hand he struck the lyre.
Now fierce and wild its accents rung,

And sounds of weapons into music sprung,
And shouts of warriors made heroic song;
Now sad and low,
When some great leader fell
Beneath the blow
Of foeman fighting well;
Then loud and clear,
When far and near,
The notes of triumph filled the air,
The victor's shout and trumpet's blare;
Then sad and plaintive grew the strain
When ceased the din of ringing mail,
And wildly rang across the plain
The widow's agonizing wail,
And pierced the poet's heart
With grief and smart.

He lingered 'mongst the antique works of art
Till of their life he formed a living part;
In broken temples of the olden time,
Fair stone-wrought poems still sublime,
And meditated free from care
Until he knelt and worshiped there.
He breathed the mystic exhalations,

'Mid broken shafts and architraves,
Memorial stones of haunted graves
Of long, long buried nations;
And soft he sang elegiac verse,
Slow-paced as moves the funeral hearse,
Majestic and as solemn
As follows the martial column
The corpse of him who led to glory
On fields death-swept and gory.
He silent stood, with awe-bowed head,
Where bards of old
Sang lays of gold,
Or where they lie
'Mongst silent dead
With songs on lips that never die.

His heart was a harp of thousand strings,
All breezes tuned with flitting wings.
At times with noble themes it rung,
Now light and gay with gallant's song.
Its golden chords were always strung,
They trembled ever
And rested never.
Forever varied notes he felt,
And in his soul calm never dwelt.

At length his heart grew tired
Of worlds grown old
In dust and mould
And hearts grown cold;
And keenly he desired
To seek again the New,
As fresh as woods with early dew,
And bright with morning light.
There life is young
And thought is new;
There hopes grow strong
And hearts are true.
And o'er the sea
Right merrily
The life-drawn Poet sailed.
His heart was gay,
His heart was free,
His worn-old loves soon paled;
Glad was his lay
As sailed away
The good ship o'er the sea,
For blithe as lark was he.

With pilgrim staff
He wandered o'er

The land where freedom dwells,
Delights to quaff
Which Spring-time bore
To meads and dells.
On South-breeze swells,
Enchantment flies
To glad his eyes
With primitive profusion,
As rare in its surprise
As fairy-land's illusion.

The sultry June, and sensual,
Surcharged with life potential,
Had lade the drowsy earth with bloom,
The dreamy air with rich perfume.
The weary poet laid his head,
Where graceful elms made grateful shade,
A babbling streamlet's fountains played.
He laid his head
Upon a rocky bed
Enwrapped in nature's down,
The soft, green moss
With silken floss
And stems all white and brown.

A vision burst upon his view,
A picture angel fingers drew,
Within a lovely vale
A country-pastor's little farm.
Safe kept by hills from every gale,
Sweet nestled there with quiet charm,
His home, a log-house, two lofts high,
A mansion erstwhile to some settler's eye.
'Mid fairest flowers the old house stood,
And round it grape-vines hung,
Caressingly they clung,
With tendrils strong,
Bound to its time-stained wood,
As love clings to an aged friend
When love does never end.
A pleasant prospect spreads before,
An Eden from the pastor's door,
Broad meadows rich in green
And gold-cups' sheen,
Rare shady bowers
And orchards gemmed
With scented flowers.
The hills, hedge-hemmed,
Sunlit and glad,

Were brightly clad
In waving grain.
And through the plain
There wound a lordly river.
Each leaflet hung without a quiver
In June's heat-burdened air.
The cows stood idly in the stream,
With burning sun-ball all aglare,
As slow it moved, too dead to flash and gleam,
Or in the shade they lolled,
Few strolled
To feed upon the mead,
And crop the bloom of blue and gold.
Within a vine-clad arbor's shade
The pastor sat, content in look,
Attentive to some pious book,
While near three rosy children played,
O'er-full of life.
And near, the happy wife
Sat sewing with a pleasant smile,
As oft she turned awhile
To see her darlings play,
When rolled their laugh away.
The peace and rest the Good Book sings

Drop down, like balm from angel wings,
With wondrous charm
Upon the pastor's farm,
His whole life is a pastoral poem;
And in the Poet's soul
They softly stole,
At last, at last, he learns to know them.

His heart dictated,
Warm welcome waited,
And many days the Poet tarried.
Full oft he wished that he were married.
Full oft he wished his loves before,
Which once his fancy flamed
Then flamed no more,
Had burned for one forever claimed,
Had deeper burned
And ever yearned,
And made that one his own,
His warm heart's throne.

Of home, of home,
Sang every bee,
That gathered sweets from blooming tree,

For quick-distending comb.
The children's laughter,
From floor to rafter,
Rang lyric strains of home.
Of home
Sang well the ponderous tome
From art-draped center-stand,
And every stitch,
With pull and hitch,
Made by the matron's hand.
And chords long stilled
Awaked and thrilled
With wondrous melody.
And hope of rest
Stole in his breast,
And sweet serenity.

Remote from life's turmoil,
The labors of his charge
Extended far and large,
The pastor changed with rustic toil;
And he extorted from the soil
A tribute rich of gain and beauty,
A lesson live of thrift and duty.

Or strolled through field and wood,
To hold communion there alone
With nature's songs of varied tone,
And mystic soul of solitude.
At eventide,
When long shades glide,
He loved to gather to his side
The children of the neighborhood,
And tell them tales of foreign lands,
Of heathen in the sunny clime;
Of Arab bands
That roam o'er desert sands;
How strangely lingers time
With skin-clad Esquimaux,
On fields of ice and snow,
And how the ribboned light
Relieves their gloomy night.
He told them tales instructive
And tales seductive
With pleasant wit,
And precious tales from Holy Writ.
Each word
They heard
With wondering eye,

With laugh and sigh;
And every day,
As pleased as they,
His wife sat by.
With silent joy their faces glowed
As down the road
The children skipped,
And laughing tripped,
In dusk twilight,
With warm "Good-night."

A poem is the pastor's life,
A happy song in music rife,
And soft and low,
With mellow flow,
In silver notes
Its glory floats.

He entertained his raptured guest
With knowledge gleaned, and well expressed,
From never-failing store
Of ancient lore,
From book
And brook,

And fresh from field and glen,
From lake and fen;
And merry passed the days
In quiet, rural ways.

The pastor and his gentle spouse
Toiled patiently and hand in hand,
Drew sweetness from an unseen land.
Poor and afflicted sought their house,
Nor left it but with lighter mind,
And warmer love for all mankind.
The house of poverty and death
Had felt their presence like a breath,
Life-laden from some sunny strand
Where fresh streams wash the golden sand,
And Love and Hope fore'er abide
In tropic meads and forests wide.
Their people loved and blessed the pair,
E'en though had many faults appeared,
Had every mind and heart been bare.
Abounding love had them endeared
To every saint and sinner there.
The pastor tried in simple way
To teach them truth each Sabbath-day,

And make each path of duty straight.
Each Sabbath morning consecrate,
When rang the clear-toned bell
Its softened notes o'er hill and dell,
On every zephyr's gentle swell,
Its call each household answered well.
The Pastor's life moved gently on,
A never-ending song of praise
As glad as at the Summer's dawn
Returning feathered songsters raise.
Subdued it was, but wondrous sweet,
With love and sunshine all replete.
As potent as some magic spell
Its influence on the Poet fell.
"Ah, well, I see,"
Full oft mused he,
"Our missions are akin,
With inspiration from above
To shed sweet light within,
To waken truth and hope and love
Within the hearts of men,
And bid an Eden bloom again."
And hope swelled high,
Unrest would die,

And peace and rest
Reign in his breast.
'Twas all delusion,
A sweet illusion
That mellowed life in after time,
For passions strong, and longing,
Full soon came thronging,
A mad song with a wildering rhyme,
And brought unrest, unrest,
And new-born zest
For life's commotions
And life's emotions.
He watched with pride the bird that flew
From lap of earth to heaven's blue,
That flitted free from tree and rose,
For he was weary of repose.
The passions which he loved to paint
The pastor ever stilled and curbed
With precept and with strong restraint.
Unpleasant jarrings ne'er disturbed
The unseen world in which he dwelled,
There harmony each discord quelled.
An unseen world he taught to man,
Above the reach of blight or ban,

A world to come, a world of hope,
Far, far beyond the vision's scope.
The Poet's was more sensuous far,
Illumined, too, by Hope's bright star,
Where Love and Beauty ever please,
And still it was the world that is.

He turned him from the pastor's home
Once more far o'er the earth to roam.
Deep, deep he sighed
For hopes that died;
But peace his heart no longer yearned,
As on the past his back he turned,
Led on by hope and passion's strife,
Enrapt with exaltation,
To broader life
And new creation.

ULRIC AND WENDELGARDE.

I.

Dark the gloomy shadows fall
Over Linzgau's castle wall;
Ulric to the wars has gone,
Wendelgarde sits alone;
Sad the mournful breezes moan
Through the towers tall.

II.

Long and bitter is the wail
That resounds through hill and dale;
"Home the eagle flies again,
And the bear will seek his den;
But bold Ulric's wife and men
Him no more will hail.

III.

"Broke is Linzgau's shield at last.
Like the oak before the blast
Ulric fell, the hero sage,
Stricken down by heathen rage,
Fell the flower of his age,
Linzgau's glory's past."

IV.

In Saint Gallen's cloister cell,
Nestled in a quiet dell,
Wendelgarde will abide
Heaven's pure, devoted bride;
Lovers shall not seek her side,
Ulric loved she well.

V.

'Mongst the lowly sisterhood,
Wedded to the holy-rood,
Pious penance daily paid
For the dear, departed shade;
She in sacred garb arrayed,
Grieves in solitude.

VI.

Yearly once across the sea
Free dispensing charity,
Thus commemorating well
Ill-starred day when Ulric fell,
She returns from cloister cell
To her peasantry.

* * * * *

VII.

Morning breaks upon the deep,
Freshened nature wakes from sleep;
Crowds are gathered on the shore,
From the east she's wafted o'er,
Round her golden sunbeams pour,
Billows gently leap.

VIII.

Like an angel from above,
Wafted on to deeds of love,
Calmly patient shines her face,
Radiant with a heavenly grace,
Comes with blessings to her race
Ulric's wounded dove.

IX.

While among her servants all
Gifts she gives to great and small;
Rudely rushing through the throng,
Free his raven locks and long,
Streaming over shoulders strong,
Comes a stranger tall.

X.

Brawny arms he thrusts aside,
Wendelgarde, terrified,
Warmly to his heart is strained,
On her face are kisses rained—
"Now my treasure is regained,
Once my happy bride!"

XI.

Thus the stranger cries aloud,
Ulric 'tis so tall and proud;
Trembling Wendelgarde, pale
As the floweret of the dale,
Shows her sacred, vestal veil;
Silent is the crowd.

XII.

But the holy father said,
Bowing rev'rently his head:
"Heaven has recalled the slain,
Happy now shall he remain;
Mother Church parts not in pain
Children whom she wed."

XIII.

And a shout peals o'er the sea,
Ringing over Linzgau lea;
And the crags the sound prolong
Joyous as a May-day song:
"God be praised! from ill and wrong
Be they ever free!"

DER PENNSYLVANIA DEITSCHER.

O wer wollt net en Deitscher sei,
En Pennsylvanier meen ich awwer,
En Deitscher brav, un en Deitscher frei,
Doo sei es Schtädtler odder Bawwer?

In Schtadt un Land, dorch Berg un Dhal,
Ringt aus sei luschtiger "gute Morge;"
Un heert m'r dess noch, schteht es gut,
M'r lacht, un denkt gar net an sorge.

Sei Land is gut, sei Land is schee,
Viel Kricke hot 's, un ah viel Rewwer;
Der Himmel glar, die Luft is rein,
Gewiss, doo gebt 's kee schwache Lewwer.

Sei Vieh is fett, die Sei sin ah,
Sei Geil sin schtark un kenne ziege,
Un gut behandelt sin sie all,
Sunscht wo sin kenne so zu griege.

Un Oh die Mäd! wie 's domit schteht!
Die ganse Welt hot net ihr gleiche,
So dick un g'sund, so kreislich nett,
Die backe roth bei arme und bei reiche.

Dann lacht juscht fort ihr englisch Volk,
Ihr meecht eier dumme Schpuchte dreiwwe,
Gebt uns juscht Schpeck un Graut genunk,
Dann wolle m'r luschtig Deitsche bleiwwe.

M'R GACKST BESSER NET BIS ES OI IS GELEGT.

Alsemol in der Welt gukt em alles gans glar,
Unser Glick schmeist ihr' Schtrahle ins Lewe uns vor,
Un m'r legt grosse Plane mit Hoffning bewegt,
Doch m'r gackst besser net bis es Oi is gelegt.

Sehnt en Mann sich zu mache en grosses Schtick Gelt,
Un er rechelt sich 's aus als fer ihn wär 's beschtellt,

Un gans froh is er nau als wär 's Hols schun gesegt,
Doch er gackst besser net bis es Oi is gelegt.

En Schtudent sehnt sich schund an der Hed fun der
Kläss,
Un er laaft schun dorum mit erbarmlich viel Säss
Als wann er het schun der gross Ziel ahgeregt,
Doch er gackst besser net bis es Oi is gelegt.

Hot en junger Mann en schee Mädel im Arm,
Un ihr' Vatter is reich, un ihr' Lieb is so warm;
Er fiehlt sich 's schun sei, un mit Schtols is bewegt,
Doch er gackst besser net bis es Oi is gelegt.

Fer gans oft fallt es Oi noch so gross newich's Nescht,
Un es werd gans versmäscht, un verleicht is es bescht,
Un so sagt zu uns een'ger der Verschtand in sich trägt,
Das m'r gackst besser net bis es Oi is gelegt.

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